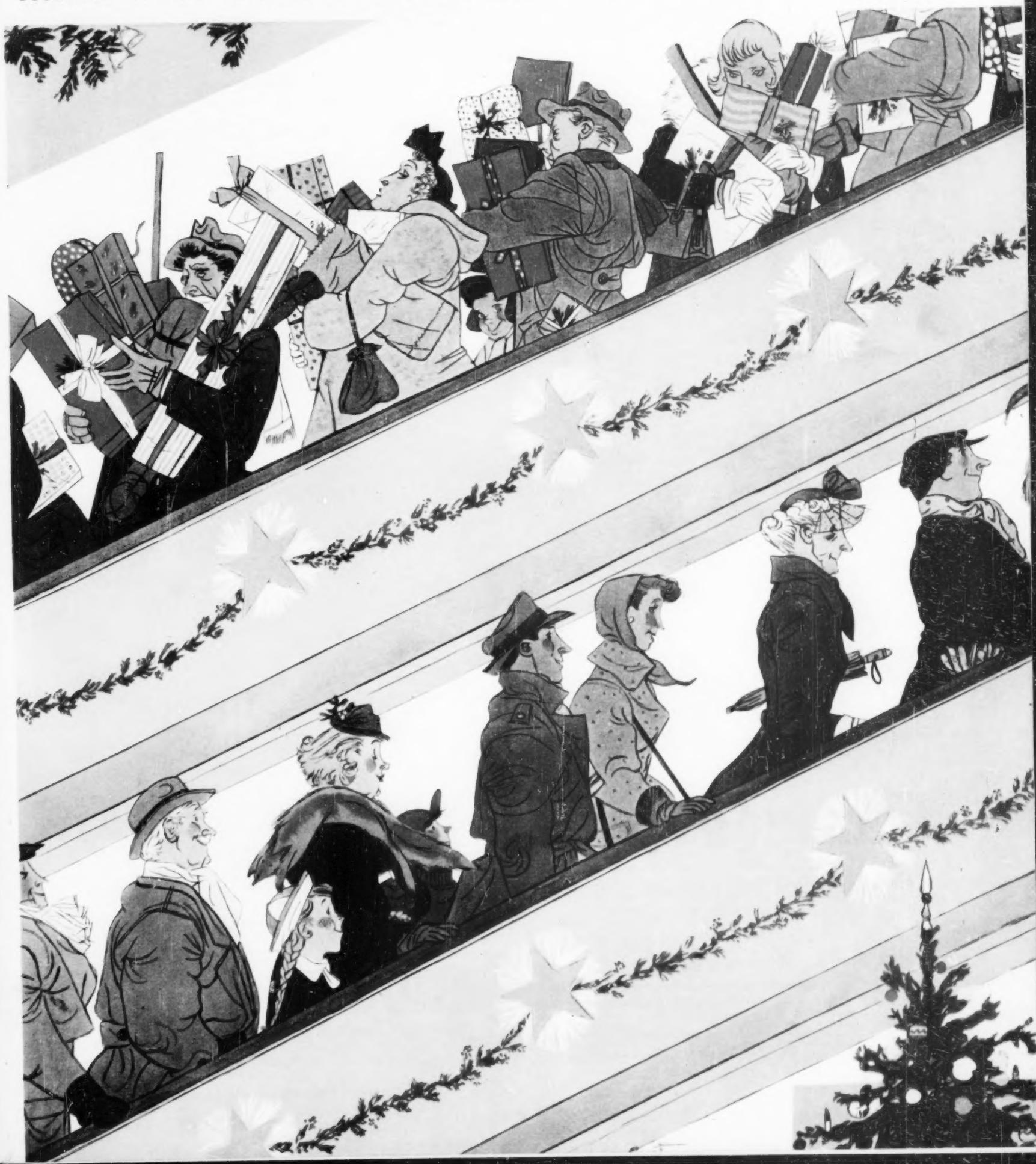


MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

OUR MODERN CHRISTMAS
IS A SHAM
By Fred Bodsworth

KARSH
PHOTOGRAPHS EDMONTON





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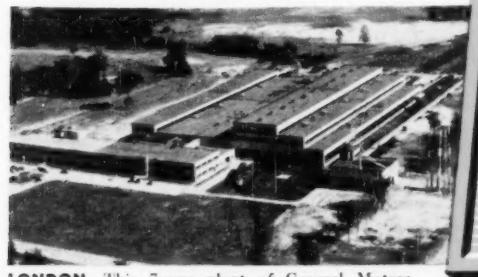
Ganong's  **Chocolates**

GANONG BROS. LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Moving Ahead with Canada



SCARBOROUGH AND LEASIDE—Frigidaire's new 11-acre plant in Scarborough was opened recently. A second large plant at Leaside is occupied on defence contracts.



LONDON—This 7-acre plant of General Motors Diesel Limited opened in 1950 has already announced plans for an additional plant of 85,000 square feet.



ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM—This vast, modern foundry of The McKinnon Industries, opened in Grantham Township recently, together with the main plant in St. Catharines and a projected addition, will give the Company 43 acres under roof.

General Motors builds more cars and trucks in Canada than any other manufacturer. But there is much more than that to the GM story.

True, GM's largest contribution to Canada's industrial strength is in the vast group of plants in Oshawa, which last year turned out 185,000 cars and trucks. But in London, the new plant of General Motors Diesel is building every type of diesel locomotive. In St. Catharines, the two plants of The McKinnon Industries turn out varied products from heavy malleable and gray iron castings to small Delco electric motors. Frigidaire Products of Canada, at Scarborough and Leaside plants, builds world-famous home appliances, as well as commercial equipment. In Windsor, the GM Engine

Oshawa—General Motors of Canada turns out cars and trucks in the tradition of craftsmanship established 80 years ago by carriage maker Robert McLaughlin. The plant shown has 59 acres of floor space. In addition, a new 17-acre truck plant will be opened in 1953 and new parts warehouses have been built or are under construction at Vancouver, Winnipeg, London, Oshawa, Montreal and Moncton.

GENERAL MOTORS



WINDSOR—Producing more engines than ever before, the General Motors Engine Plant is constantly expanding and now covers 8 acres.

Plant builds and tests the power plants for GM's Canadian-built cars and trucks.

Pictured here are representative plants of GM's Canadian divisions. They have been growing impressively—in output, in number of employees, in size of plant . . . striding ahead with our country. Today GM gives employment to over 20,000 Canadians. In addition, General Motors plants contribute to the nation's defence program and its expanding export markets.



GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA
LIMITED
OSHAWA AND WINDSOR

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA
LIMITED
LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH

GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL
LIMITED
LONDON

THE MCKINNON INDUSTRIES
LIMITED
ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

MACLEAN'S

FICTION CONTEST WINNERS



Colin McDougall
First prize, \$1,500



David MacDonald
Second prize, \$1,000



Vera Johnson
Third prize, \$500

ACLEAN'S is proud to present the winners of its three-thousand-dollar fiction contest for Canadian writers. Their stories will appear in the first three issues of 1953. The confidence that prompted Maclean's to offer prize money unprecedented in Canadian publishing history proved well founded. Of the fourteen hundred entries received a large number were strong contenders and the general standard of writing was so high that Maclean's plans to buy a number of the runners-up at its regular fiction rates and publish them after the winning stories have appeared in the magazine.

The contest rules were designed to give writers an unrestricted choice of subject; competitors responded by submitting stories full of variety and original thought. Sensitive sketches of daydreaming children had to be weighed against spirited narratives of crime and violence. Regional pieces caught the feeling of the Canadian countryside and the rhythm of Canadian speech. The most successful stories introduced readers to characters who came alive within the framework of a convincing plot.

First prize of \$1,500 is awarded to Colin McDougall, of Westmount, Que., for a story of the Canadian Army in Italy where McDougall served as a company commander in the Second World War. He is now director of the placement service at McGill University where he acts as liaison between students and prospective employers. A native Montrealer, he's a married man with three small children. His first published fiction story, *Cardboard Soldier*, appeared in Maclean's in July 1951.

By coincidence the second prize winner became a member of Maclean's editorial staff

soon after the judging had taken place, though he qualified as an outsider at the time of the contest. Twenty-five-year-old David MacDonald, from Halifax, came to Toronto four years ago as a newspaper reporter and used his own background for his first fiction story, *Bluenose in Toronto*, which Maclean's published last July. The entry that won him one thousand dollars is a vigorous yarn of the rumrunning era when Canadian ships carried a golden cargo through the hostile ranks of the U. S. Coast Guard. MacDonald is now based in Halifax as Maclean's regional editor for the Maritimes, replacing Ian Sclanders who was recently promoted to articles editor.

Readers will remember Vera Johnson as the Vancouver writer whose story, *Black Six on Red Seven*, placed third in Maclean's 1950 fiction contest. This time she won third prize again with a light-hearted fantasy about a man who thinks up a new approach to federal politics. Since last March she's produced approximately one hundred and seventy-six thousand words of radio, television and short-story material. She submitted eleven entries to this contest, including the \$500 winner, and another story which has been bought for future publication. Two of her plays have recently been produced by the CBC and one of her folk songs won a tribute from Burl Ives, the bearded dean of folk music. In private life Vera Johnson is Mrs. Murdoch MacKenzie, mother of three daughters. Right now the MacKenzies are living in Toronto but they plan to go back west next year.

The keynote of the prize-winning entries is a lively interest in Canadian people, Canadian places and Canadian affairs. All three stories could only have been written by Canadians.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION AND ADVERTISING OFFICES:

481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean

HORACE T. HUNTER, President

FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President

THOMAS B. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller

UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Guaranty Trust Bldg., Suite 617, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36; 309 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6.

GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Single copies 15¢. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. Price for all other countries \$4.50 per year.

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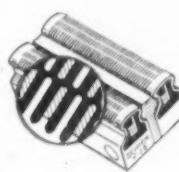
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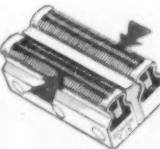
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in rich, saddle-stitched Caddie Case—ideal for bathroom shelf or travel bag. Servicemen will love it. New Schick "Colonel" (with many features of the "20") is only \$22.95.



Ever think of DIABETES this way?

A noted medical authority compares the diabetic person to a charioteer, whose chariot is drawn by three steeds named Diet, Insulin, and Exercise. This authority points out that it takes skill to drive one horse, intelligence to manage a team, and unusual ability to get three to pull together.

Yet, the diabetic person . . . if he is to maintain good health and avoid complications . . . must learn to harness diet, insulin, and exercise and make them pull together in complete harmony. Only in this way can well-established diabetes be kept under good control.

What is insulin . . . why is it used?

Insulin is a secretion of the pancreas gland which enables the body to store and burn sugars and starches (carbohydrates).

When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it with a carefully adjusted diet.

Why are diet and exercise so important?

Diet determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body.

In all cases, the doctor's advice is needed about the kinds and amounts of foods that will best meet the needs of each patient. Active work or exercise is necessary, too,

as it helps the body burn up sugar and starches.

If you are a diabetic, your faithful, intelligent cooperation with your doctor may help you to control the disease through diet, insulin, and exercise. In most cases, you can look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

Guarding against diabetes.

Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. Research, however, has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

1. Middle-aged, overweight people.

Anyone can help guard against diabetes by keeping his weight down. The only effective way to do this is by controlling the amount of food you eat—especially sugars, starches, and fats.

2. People who have diabetes "in the family."

If you have diabetic relatives, you should pay particular attention to diet, and be alert to the usual signs of diabetes. These include *excessive thirst and hunger, frequent urination, and loss of weight and strength.*

Since the signs of diabetes may not appear at the onset of the disease, it is always wise to have periodic medical check-ups, including *urinalysis*. This is important because when detected early, the chances for successful control of diabetes are best, often by diet alone.



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Ottawa 4, Canada

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 122-M, "Diabetes."

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



REBELLION AT THE SEASIDE

FOR SOME years it has been my custom to avoid the English seaside in the summer and to visit it when the sands are deserted and the fun fairs stand mute and muffled against the approach of winter.

But let it not be imagined that I go there out of perversity or a desire to indulge in the sensuous luxury of solitude, for on the occasion of these autumnal visits there are always great crowds. In short, the Trades Union Congress invariably meets in the autumn at a seaside resort, and a fortnight later the Labour Party of Great Britain follows with its annual conference at another seaside spot.

The reason for choosing places on the coast is both obvious and subtle. Since the tourists have gone home there is ample accommodation and also, in the realm of the spirit, as opposed to the material, the morale of the delegates is strengthened by the good salt air. The idea is that when the four days' conference is over the delegates storm to the attack against the Conservatives and the capitalist system like Napoleon's Old Guard.

But why should I attend these conferences? The answer is simple. First, I am a Conservative and it is always useful to have a look at the other side. Second, I am a journalist—and therefore a contemporary historian. Third, I enjoy it. Let it also be added that my parliamentary opponents show no resentment but go out of their way to secure every facility for me.

Now, having spoken the prologue, let me come to the substance of the tale. Having attended this year's trade-union conference at Margate in the south, as well as the Labour Party conference at Morecambe in the north, I am convinced that the socialists are heading for trouble. The feuds that were half concealed are stripped naked to the world. No longer is it merely a case of differing points of view. Between the Bevanites and the Attleeites there are hatreds that will not end this side of the grave.

What evidence can I summon to prove this assertion? Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I open my case with the trade unions at Margate—and may I remind you that the trade unions are the chief financial supporters of the Labour Party? In fact there is a weekly deduction (a tiny amount I agree) from every worker's wage packet which goes to help the Labour Party. If a worker does not wish to contribute, and there are many thousand trade unionists who are Tories, he must contract out.

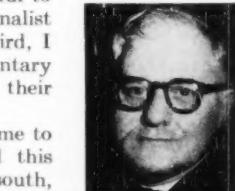
This, of course, is indefensible and remains a blot on the trade-union movement. A man's wage packet ought to be inviolate. Nor should he be forced to reveal his politics, any more than he should reveal his religious creed. Yet it is from this source that the Labour Party draws most of its fighting fund.

But six years of socialist government gave the trade-union leaders furiously to think. Under a system of nationalizing industries, is there a need or a place for trade unionism? When the state is the sole employer among the big industries, and a socialist government is in power, what can the unions do? A strike in the mines would be a strike against the nation, since the nation owns them.

In fact under complete nationalization British trade unions would have no more power than trade unions in Russia. They could be nothing more than keepers of records and servants of the administration. The blunt truth is that trade unionism can only survive as long as there are employers to bargain with across the table. Trade unionism depends on a capitalist system of society for its existence.

While this is recognized by the experienced leaders and a growing section of the workers there is a noisy and forceful left wing which believes that all employers are villains and all investors are bloodsuckers. Why should not the workers own and control the means of production and distribution? That question has a seductive simplicity about it that makes a large appeal.

Now let us join in the applause as Arthur Deakin, this year's chairman of the TUC, rises to make the opening speech at Margate. His first sentences are impressive: "For



Arthur Deakin



James Griffiths



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

Will Ike's Win Hasten Our Election?

BACK-BENCH LIBERALS are talking more and more about an election in the spring instead of the fall of 1953. They think times are better now than they're likely to be a year hence, and that the sooner the Government gets to the people the better.

Naturally the United States election figures largely in the arguments pro and con. Progressive Conservatives were delighted by General Eisenhower's victory because they think it will encourage, if not actually provoke, a Conservative victory here. The slogan, "It's Time for a Change," is contagious, they think.

Liberals don't go that far, but they do at least accept the result as a warning that the time may have turned against The Powers That Be. They want to try for another five years in office before the tide has been running too long.

At the National Liberal Federation meeting a week before U. S. voting day a Quebec politico said, "I'm not in favor of a spring election myself, I think it would be a mistake, but if Eisenhower wins I'd bet my shirt that we'll have one anyway."

On the other hand there were just as many, at that time, to argue that a Stevenson victory would mean "Strike while the iron is hot," so it's doubtful if the American result has any real weight either way.

One industrious Grit claims to have "polled the cabinet" and he says it's divided about fifty-fifty between spring and fall. Another, less industrious but perhaps more astute, says, "I never poll the cabinet, I just weigh it." He's right—twenty ministers could be in favor of a spring election and only one against it, but if the one were the Rt. Hon. Louis Stephen St. Laurent we'd have

the election in the fall. St. Laurent is notorious for not talking about such things, but the best guess is that he hasn't yet made up his own mind.

WHATEVER the Prime Minister decides, one thing can be said with assurance: We can have a spring election if the Government wants one. Nelson Castonguay, the chief electoral officer, will start in January on a coast-to-coast trip to instruct returning officers and their assistants in each of Canada's two hundred and sixty-two ridings.

Castonguay is definitely preparing for a spring election, but don't jump to conclusions. He was also prepared for an election in the fall of 1952. The only thing that slowed him down was the cabinet's persistent refusal, or rather neglect, to appoint the fifteen new returning officers who are required by redistribution. He tried all summer to catch the ministers' attention, but when nothing had happened by Oct. 1 he concluded that there would be no election this fall, anyway.

During the month of October some half dozen were appointed and the vacancies a month ago had dropped to nine. Again, don't jump to conclusions. Returning officers are appointed by orders-in-council which are nominally the decision of the whole cabinet, but at least some of those present in the council chamber were unaware that the appointments had been made. They were not discussed and they have, we are assured officially, absolutely no significance whatever.

The condition of readiness means only that Castonguay and his small staff have *Continued on page 57*



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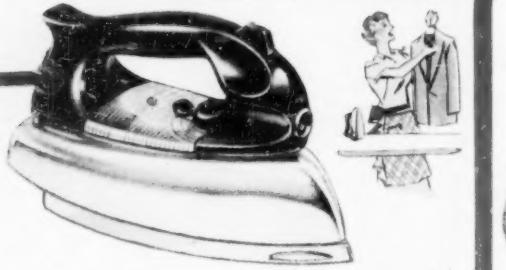
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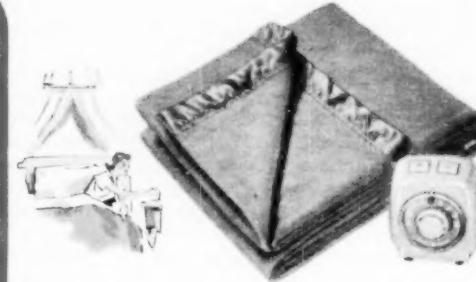
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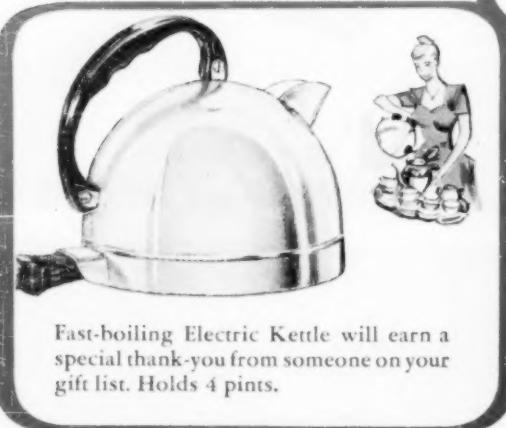
A wonderful Steam Iron that irons with steam or dry—a reminder of your thoughtfulness every day the year 'round.



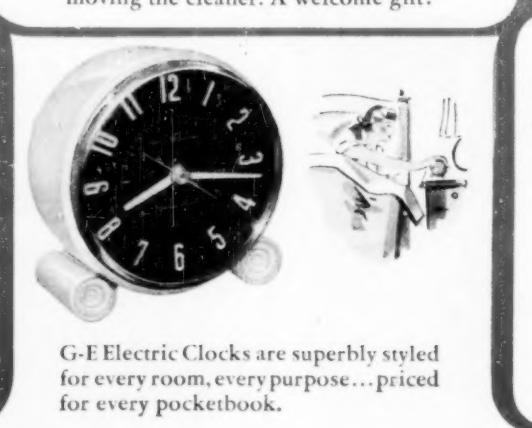
Swivel-top Vacuum Cleaner lets you clean entire living room without once moving the cleaner. A welcome gift!



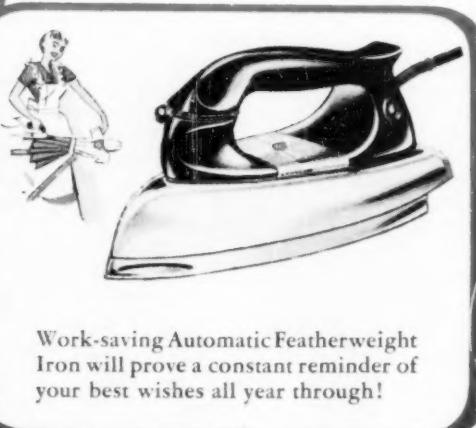
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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED—HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO



LOOK WHAT WE'VE DONE TO CHRISTMAS

We'll spend twice as much for greeting-card postage as we will for charities. We'll drink fifty million dollars' worth of liquor and go a hundred millions in debt. After a long hard look at the statistics this writer joins Ebenezer Scrooge in saying, "Christmas! Humbug!"

By **FRED BODSWORTH**

PHOTO BY HERBERT L. McDONALD

CANADIANS this month will spend about four hundred million dollars on the 1952 version of "Peace on earth, good will towards men." December spending will soar to twelve hundred million dollars from a monthly average of eight hundred millions.

The biggest expenditure will be for beer and liquor—fifty-five millions in the next ten days. We'll go in debt close to one hundred millions. We'll fork out twice as much for Christmas-card postage alone as we shall for Christmas charities. Traffic deaths in December will be almost double those of January. Emotional strain and fatigue will cause a twenty-percent upsurge in deaths from heart attacks.

Here in a few simple statistics is a poignant picture of what Canadians have done to Christmas.

But it isn't the whole story. Five million Canadians will go to church Christmas Eve or Day, proving that the spiritual impact of Christmas is still strong. Thousands of families, united at no other time, will be drawn together by the season's peculiarly characteristic bond. Thousands living alone in single rooms or old persons' homes will be invited out by friends to what, for many, will be the only

outside meal and family gathering of the year. Thousands without children of their own will get a heart-warming thrill as they shop at the toy counters for the neighborhood kids, and they'll forget that the rest of the year they have been yelling at those same children to go off and play in somebody else's yard.

But, for all these saving graces, I still claim that, on balance, the Canadian Christmas has gone to the dogs. For far too many of us it has become little more than an orgy of eating, drinking and spending which mocks everything the name of its Patron ought to stand for.

Let's look at some more statistics. No one of them, in itself, is a cause for deep concern. But put them together in their pattern and they add up to the inescapable conclusion that Ebenezer Scrooge was merely a hundred years before his time when he eyed the relatively quiet festival of Dickens' day and muttered the immortal oath: "Christmas! Humbug!"

During the next ten days Canadian men will squander more than a million dollars on perfumes—mostly cheap perfumes which connoisseurs wouldn't use, and non-connoisseurs won't. *Continued on page 52*

Karsh's Edmonton

The Threshold of the Frontier

Yousuf Karsh, in his third picture essay for Maclean's,
sees Edmonton as the link
between the settled realm and the vast rich hinterland

The probing snout of a C-46 Curtiss Commander points over the terminal building at Edmonton's great airport, whose manager, James Bell, shown in characteristic pose in Karsh photo (lower left), grew up with the air age in Canada.

WHEN YOUSUF KARSH first arrived in Edmonton on a grey day last March he was bitterly disappointed by what he called "the sheer dreariness and drabness of a most uninteresting city." But as the snow thawed, so did Karsh. He soon found the people themselves to be a lively and vibrant group. "More and more," he says, "I began to feel the impact of frontier life." This became the theme for his third picture essay.

He was thrilled by the Edmonton airport where the world and the frontier seemed to meet. To Karsh, standing on the tarmac day after day, the airport took on the appearance of a giant funnel through which east and west, north and south contrived to pass. Canada's Prime Minister dropped out of the sky one day on his east-west speaking tour, while a few hundred yards away gunny sacks loaded with uranium were being un-

loaded from a plane which bore on its duralumin snout a painting of the mushroom cloud of the atom bomb. "Chinese and Japanese unable to speak a word of English were coming in straight from Hong Kong and, except for their dress, they looked so very much like the Eskimos fresh from the Arctic Circle."

Karsh found Edmonton "an astonishingly air-minded city." He photographed flying oilmen, flying miners and flying contractors. "The airport is going night and day," he says, "and I found it a precarious business waiting on the runway for a big ship to come by and frame the terminal building." Finally, airport manager James Bell came to his rescue and kept everything aloft in the air for thirty minutes to allow Karsh to make the picture above. That done, the airport and the photographer moved on and Karsh felt much better.

THE MEN WHO FLY



George Frederick Frank, chief pilot for Eldorado Uranium Mines, served in Sicily and North Africa.



Joe LaBine, whose father made first radium find, prepares to fly to new uranium fields at Beaverlodge Lake with Emil Walli, left.



Danny Driscoll, at right, an ex-bush pilot, is now pilot for pipeline company boss Owen Linton.



Flying builder, Herbert R. Peets, is general manager of a construction outfit and a flying-club chief.



Flying contractor is Norm Gustavson, an oil-well drilling specialist.

All roads meet at Edmonton Airport which justifies its motto of
Gateway to the North and Crossroads of the World



Today meets Tomorrow

Louis St. Laurent arrives on a speaking tour and is surprised to see Karsh. He had been vainly trying to get a portrait sitting at the Ottawa studio.



A plane with an atom-bomb cloud for insignia comes in from the uranium mines at Great Bear Lake with ore destined for the Port Hope refinery.



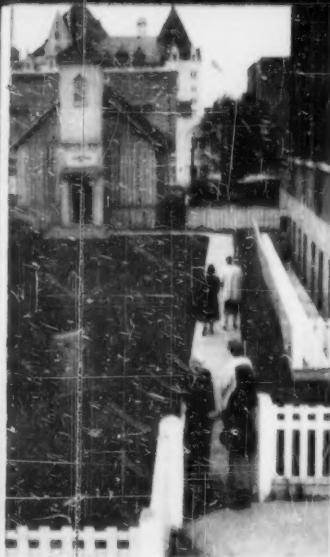
The Old World meets the New

A Chinese mother arrives from Hong Kong. Edmonton is the only airport of debarkation for Orientals. They are made comfortable, given interpreters.

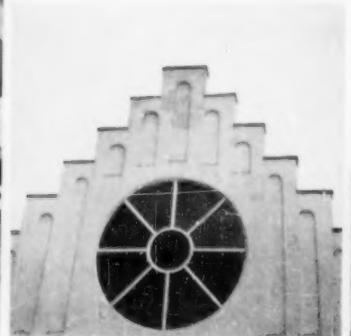


An Eskimo girl named Betty Moyak, doll in hand, leaves for Yellowknife and thence for Coppermine. She was at Camsell Hospital with a bad finger.

Spire and minaret, tower and steeple
bespeak the varied faiths of a pioneer people



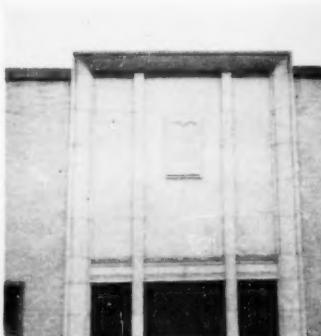
Methodist (Now United)



Lutheran



Ukrainian R.C.

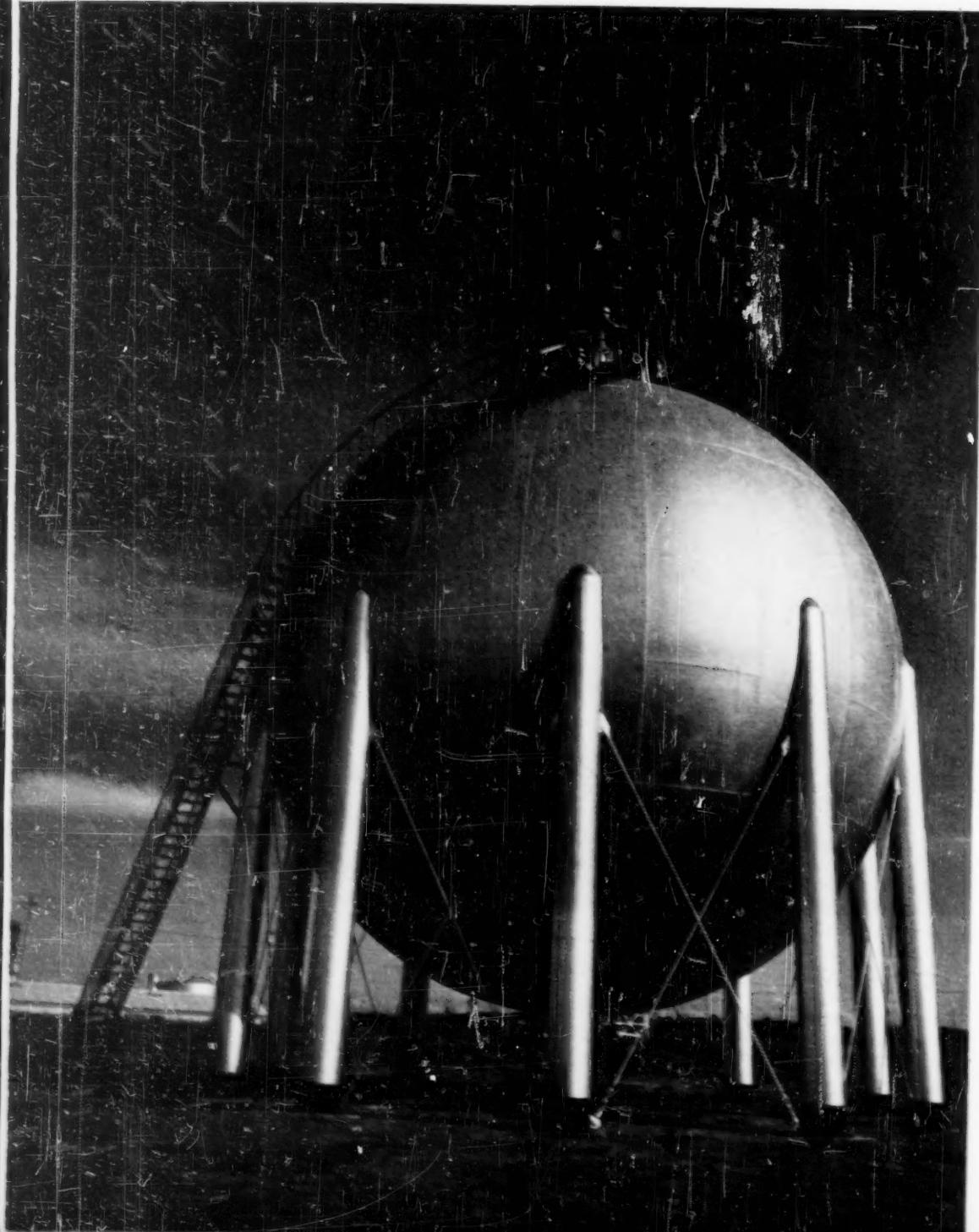


Hebrew



United

The Architecture of the Frontier



KARSH was struck by Edmonton's architectural contrasts — sometimes exotic, often overpowering, and occasionally touching. On the horizon the new architecture of the oil men overshadows the city. On the streets, the older architecture of Edmonton's fifty religious sects often gives an Arabian Nights feeling to the skyline. But a less inspiring kind of architecture also threatens the booming town: the architecture of the squatter's shack. Karsh's lens, like an enquiring eye, captured the good with the bad and recorded it for these pages.

To photograph the frieze of churches reproduced above Karsh borrowed a truck with a hydraulic lift from the city. Edmonton's ecclesiastical architecture runs all the way from the simple lines of the old Methodist church (built in 1871) on the extreme left to the higher geometry of Saint Anthony's Roman Catholic church on the extreme right. The Muslim mosque is unique in Canada.

"I was continually struck by the utter contrast between some of the expensive modern homes and the old shacks on the outskirts," Karsh says. In the Mill Creek Park Area, commonly known as Skunk Hollow, he took photographs of squatters' makeshift dwellings. The park is city owned and all buildings are subject to removal at any time, giving a sense of impermanence to a community which is the product of high rents and boom-town overcrowding. But none of the residents seemed downhearted; all seemed to be awaiting a chance to move to more secure quarters.

In the oil fields just outside the city Karsh tramped through miles of gumbo to get the pictures he sought. He looked a long while at the strange shape of the storage sphere at left. It was the only one of its kind in the area. To get the picture of the drilling rig, shown at the right, Karsh, without hesitation, lay on his back in the mud and pointed camera skyward, thus, as Madame Karsh remarked with asperity, ruining a perfectly good suit.

The obese bulk of a butane-gas storage sphere—capacity: ten thousand barrels; cost: one hundred thousand dollars—breaks the flat prairie skyline.



Latter Day Saints



Ukrainian Orthodox



Anglican



Muslim



Roman Catholic

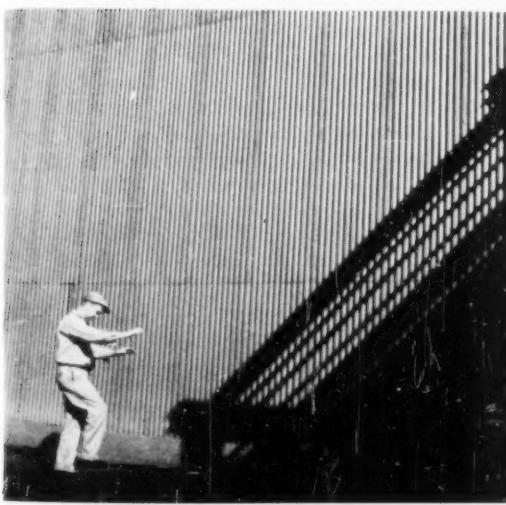
Karsh found new riches and ancient creeds creating strange patterns on the Edmonton skyline and bringing fresh problems to an overcrowded city



"Skunk Hollow" shacks, built by squatters, are the measure of city's overcrowding.



Karsh lay in mud to get this view of Imperial Oil drilling apparatus. It cost him a cleaning bill.



Shadowy "steps" which workman seems to be climbing are actually cast by overhead catwalks at a big gas conservation plant.



Daniel Makokis, eighty years old, clings grimly to his belongings after a one-hundred-mile journey from Saddle Lake for an operation for cataract.



Lucy Michel, a fourteen-year-old Indian girl from Fort Nelson on the Alaska Highway, waits patiently in her bed in the TB ward for her lung to heal.

Karsh's Edmonton *continued*

The Children of the Frontier



Two Eskimo boys, from Cambridge Bay and Coppermine, and a métis boy from Whitehorse, are recovering from TB that might have killed them.

In these portraits, taken in Edmonton's Camsell Hospital for natives, Karsh captures something of their resignation, fortitude, immutability and pride

THE MOST MOVING experience, for Yousuf Karsh, in more than four thousand miles of travel for Maclean's, was his visit to the Charles Camsell Hospital for Indians and Eskimos in Edmonton. "It wrung my heart," he says. "I was loth to take so little time with it. I could easily have spent three weeks there." He found it a great-hearted hospital: "I felt a bond between the patient and the doctors that I had never seen before."

Karsh was touched and delighted by this attitude. "These people, like children, require a special kind of understanding," he says, "and they get it here." Nurse Isobel Middleton, one of his guides, treated each of the boys in the picture at lower left as if he were some kind of precious jewel. "Isn't he lovely?" she would say, placing one of them on the bed. Then, bringing in a second child, "But this one is even more lovely!" and then, introducing a third, she exclaimed, "Oh, they are all of them

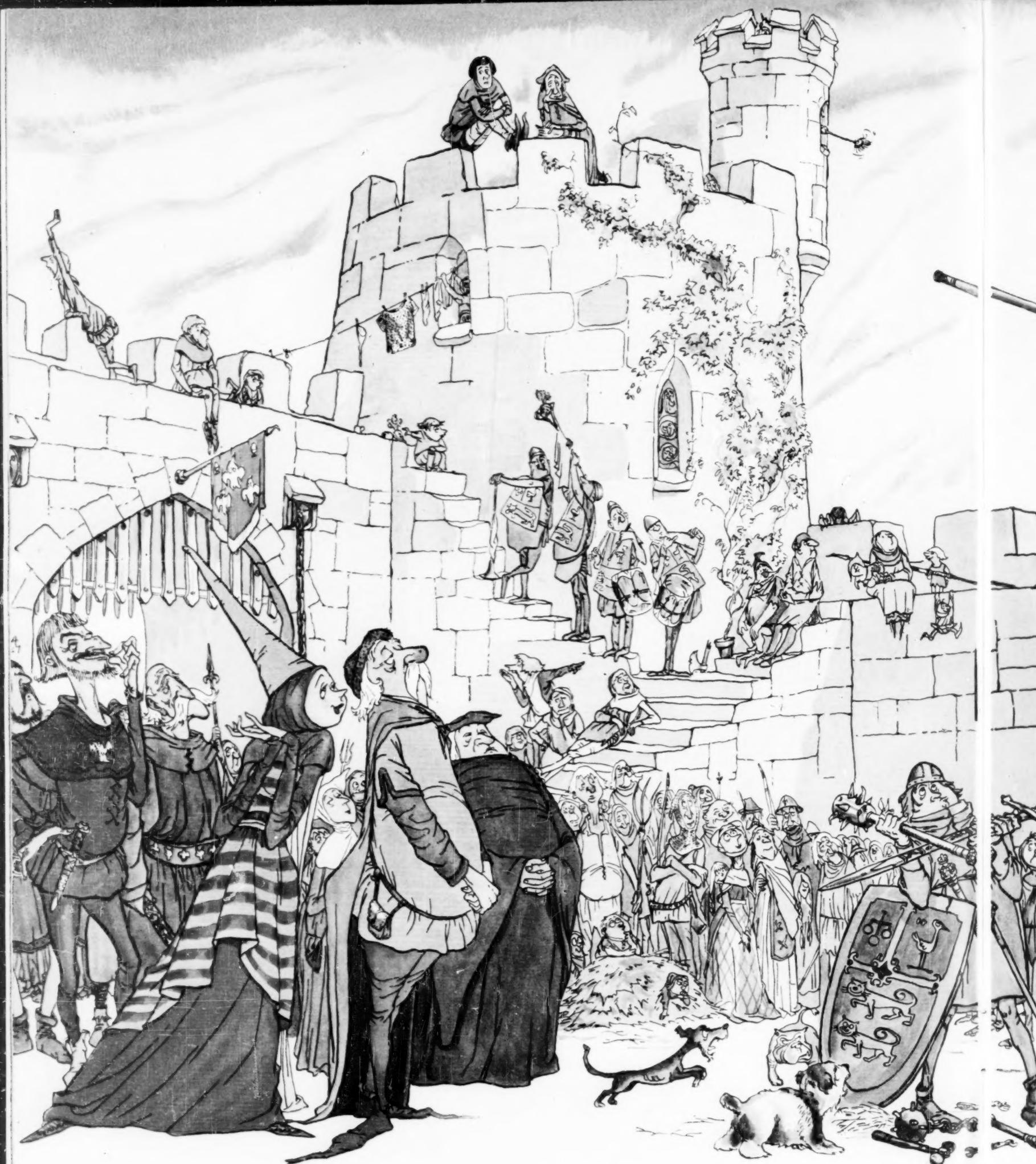
lovely!" Karsh pictured all three in the positions she placed them in.

Another Karsh guide, Dr. "Mat" Matas, was equally tender about his charges. "She is the image of my mother," he said of the serene old woman shown on the opposite page. "She has her same sweet temperament. I am devoted to her." The woman, whose name is Susan Phillips, has been in the hospital since 1948. When Karsh started to take her picture she looked up at him and said, with humility: "Face no good." Like most of the subjects on these pages he had to catch her unaware.

The fourteen-year-old Indian girl directly above looked up into Karsh's camera, then "immediately buried her face in her book again with elaborate and self-conscious unconcern." Like most of the other people shown here she is making a rapid recovery. Karsh took her picture last spring and on his return in late summer failed to recognize her "she had bloomed so much". ★



In her sunlit hospital bed a serene old woman waits and hopes for full recovery. She has been in the Charles Camsell Hospital with tuberculosis since 1948.



Sir Athelstan hung, spinning slowly, while his charger was led under him.



Sir Giles and the Knightfighter

It all happened a long, long time ago, when faint hearts hardly ever won fair ladies — but legend still marvels at what Gentle Giles did to the army of King Ulric

HERE is absolutely no foundation for the report that the year 1294 was a quiet one in East Anglia. There was, for one thing, a notable increase in the number of griffins sighted by knights errant. There was, for another, the invasion by Ulric the Unwieldy, King of Wessex. And there was the curious affair of Sir Giles Fitzjames, the youthful ward of Egfrith Ironbone, second Earl of Pevensey.

The Fitzjames business began one evening at dinner in Pevensey Castle, during a momentary lull in the fearful noise produced by a number of bagpipers employed by Earl Egfrith. They had just finished *The Barren Rocks of Lothian*, which takes a lot out of a man, and were catching their breath when Sir Giles, a soberly handsome young man who wore his crisp black hair rather longer than short, turned to speak to the Bishop of Bath.

"You'll be happy to know, Bishop," said Giles pleasantly, "that I've decided to give up jousting. Can't spare the time from my studies. Plus which, I've always felt that it's a lot of idiotic nonsense."

Giles was suddenly aware that everybody at the high table was staring at him.

"What the devil's the boy sayin'?" asked Earl Egfrith. "Begging your pardon, Bishop," he added courteously, for he had been taught not to swear before the clergy.

"Umnph, ah-hee said, m'lud," replied the Bishop through his splendid nose, "umnpah, that ah-hee had finished with, umnph, ah-jousting."

"Well I'm damned!" Earl Egfrith exploded, forgetting his manners and glaring fiercely at Sir Giles over the points of his sweeping pale yellow mustaches. "The lad's been readin' too much. Gone soft as a grape."

"Probably can't stand *Continued on page 33*

By JACOB HAY

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN NORRIS

NOV 22 '52

King of the Crazy Marathons

Head and shoulders above the endurance dancers, swimmers and walkers of the jittery Thirties was a huge six-day bike rider from B.C. named Torchy Peden who made twenty thousand dollars a year by pedaling furiously to nowhere

By TRENT FRAYNE



Torchy Peden today, at forty-nine, has hopes of promoting a revival of the six-day races. At his home in Iowa, his son William II became early acquainted with the sport that made father famous.



THE SCARS of the depression cast a unique reflection on the entertainment tastes of North America through the hungry Thirties. The key word was endurance. In some of the foot races contestants stopped running and started walking in the manner of somnambulists with hives and an insensitive promoter named C. C. Pyle sponsored a coast-to-coast walkathon called the Bunion Derby. Heroes of the era were tireless automatons like George Young, who splashed and sputtered twenty-one miles between Catalina Island and the California mainland; Ernst Vierkoetter, the Black Shark, who survived twenty-five miles in icy Lake Ontario to win the Wrigley Swim; the late Shipwreck Kelly, who so staunchly refused to come down from a perch on a flagpole that his name became a household word; any number of anonymous marathon dancers who shuffled, slept, collapsed and even married during their weeks of vertical agony; and Torchy Peden, who rode a bicycle in circles week after week in the six-day bike races.

Of all these sapping pursuits, none involved as much money or kept as many people out of bed as Peden's weird business of riding a bicycle a couple of thousand miles a week and never going anywhere. Until customer ennui forced them to the rug toward the late Thirties the six-day derbies packed arenas in Montreal and Toronto, in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and scores of smaller cities. New York's Madison Square Garden frequently bettered a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a single marathon, and Peden, a broth of a boy from Victoria, standing six-feet-three and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, the largest and most indestructible of all riders, made close to twenty thousand dollars a year for his frenzied rides to nowhere.

Until Peden came along, Reggie MacNamara, an American, was the iron man of the horizontal squirrel cages; he'd ridden a hundred races in his twenty-year career and had won twenty-seven of them. Torchy, in his first four years as a professional, won twenty-four out of forty-eight races and before he hung up his spokes he had survived more races than any other rider, one hundred and forty-eight—which meant he'd been going around

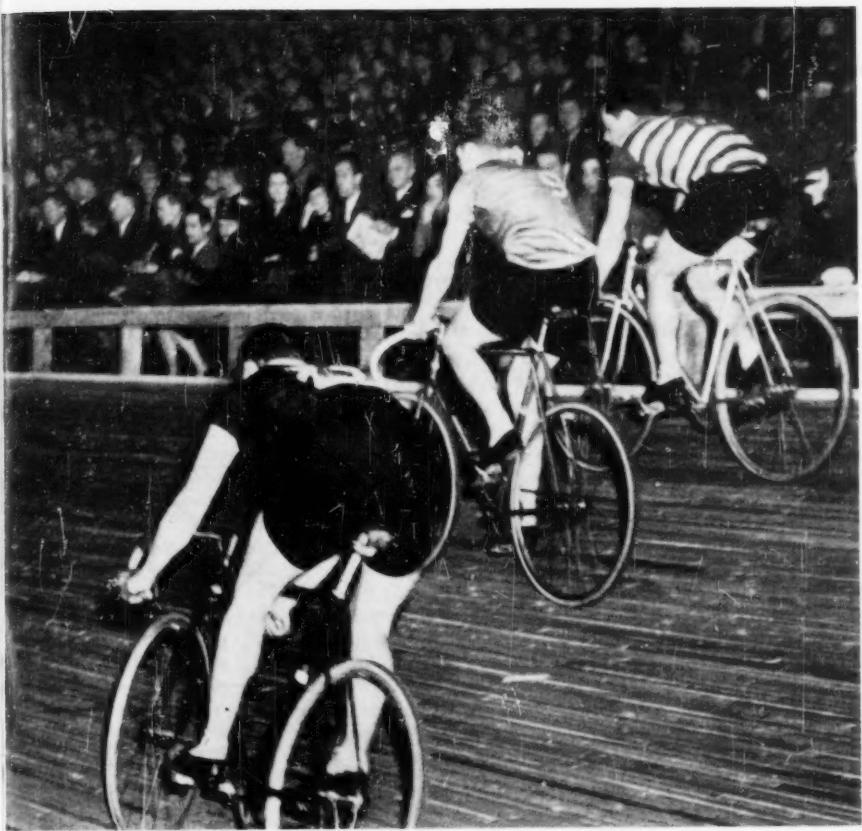
in circles for eight hundred and eighty-eight days, or about two and a half years. If some of these trips weren't necessary they at least served to show Peden half the world—and vice versa—for he rode in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Poland and Denmark. He won thirty-eight races, man and boy, and pumped three hundred and seventy thousand miles, give or take a furlong, in the process.

Peden's endurance in this era of exertion-for-distance was no more remarkable than the grinds in which he furiously revolved his size thirteens. Citizens with nowhere else to go could wander in and out of the arenas at their leisure and a lot of them found the heated building an excellent place to dispose of a magnum of wassail on a cold winter's night. The races lasted six days, plus three hours, starting in most cities at nine o'clock on a Sunday night and concluding at midnight the following Saturday. In all Canadian cities except Montreal they ran three hours shorter, being prevented from starting until one minute past midnight on a Sunday.

Riders were divided into two-man teams, usually by the race promoter, and one of them had to be on the track at all times, even if he were dozing, reading his mail or trying to pick the winner of the fifth at Hialeah. Tracks, made of pine and costing upward of five thousand dollars, were laid on the rink floor and were banked—as much as forty-five degrees at the turns—to provide traction for bikes that sometimes zipped along at forty-five and fifty miles an hour. The tracks were rectangular, roughly following the contours of the hockey boards.

Each team had a pit beside the track which contained a bunk, a table, extra bikes and parts, and a trainer. Food was provided by the promoter and some of the world's most accomplished free-style grazers were bike riders, Peden among them. Before a race he would buy a chunk of round steak, cut off the fat and grind it up with a dozen egg yolks. He'd salt it well and eat it on slices of whole-wheat bread while out on the track, between regular meals. For lunch and dinner Torchy would eat two or three pounds of sirloin steak that barely had been introduced to the frying pan. For breakfast he'd have *Continued on page 40*





Bone-cracking spills, spectacular if illegal tactics, thrilled the crowds at the bike derbies. Here Peden takes a fall; but he won more races than anyone.



The team of Peden brothers often cleaned up. Here Torchy grabs a quick rest at Madison Square Garden. He rode for Canada at the 1928 Olympics.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

At the peak of his fame Torchy scorches around the sharply banked turn of a Chicago track. Sometimes he'd snatch hats from ringside spectators.



Robert Thomas Allen says

PLEASE! No

They start like the governor-general's ball and end up like Saturday night in Clancy's Gym. Christmas or not, Bob wants no part of them



more office parties

THREE ARE A lot of things I miss about the business world since I began to write at home. I miss holidays with pay, long morning coffee sessions and the office supply of stationery. But one thing I miss like getting my arm caught in the elevator: the office party.

I still enjoy dropping in to see the people I worked with. I'd like to keep on seeing them. But I want to see them safely behind their desks, switchboards, typewriters and little office fences. It's when they begin coming out from behind them, all at once, that the trouble starts. And if it's all the same to everyone, when the girls start fixing their hair and the men slipping into the washroom with their electric razors I'd just as soon be at home in a nice warm bath with Pepys' Diary. Any office parties I've seen you can have. And I've seen plenty.

I've seen office parties that started like the governor-general's ball and ended like Saturday night at Clancy's Gym. I've seen a five-foot order clerk get such a grip on an eastern Ontario salesman's tie that he almost had to be beaten loose with ice buckets. I've seen Willy the office boy get a beautiful light in his eye and fall flat into the boss' outgoing-mail basket, and a bookkeeper ordinarily as mild-mannered as old Bob Cratchit chase a career woman with mauve hair around the water cooler. I've seen a quiet little brunette who hadn't looked up from her comptometer all year stand on top of a general-correspondence file and sing six verses of a parody seldom heard outside the locker rooms of football stadiums. And for months after I've explained to my wife, "Look, I don't know why, but wives just aren't invited to office parties." I'm glad it's all over.

It wasn't always the most energetic affairs that caused the most trouble, either. I worked at one place where the parties were held at 10:30 in the morning and were planned entirely around funny twenty-five-cent gifts and angel cake, and to this day my wife still pictures them as a cross between a love nest and an Oriental opium den. What we actually used to do was sit around on top of our desks, swinging our legs in absolute silence, watching the boss look at a back-scratcher.

I don't know why, but someone always thought it was funny to buy the boss a back-scratcher. The boss would swing it like a golf club, hold it up to his nose as if he were picking leaves out of a rake and shake his head slowly as if he were going to say something. But he never did in the seven years I worked there. The silence would work on everyone's nerves till some poor guy

Continued on page 38

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



DON'T feel the final result is all your fault.



DON'T compare your child with anybody else's.



DON'T expect too much of your growing hopeful.



DON'T make the mistake of doing too much for her.



DON'T enforce discipline without good reason.



THE TEN WORST MISTAKES PARENTS MAKE

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

DRAWINGS BY JOHN THORNE

TIME WAS, they tell us, that parents didn't worry too much about rearing a family.

They knew that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, that children should be seen and not heard, that the tree grows as the twig is bent, that birds of a feather flock together, and that the devil finds work for idle hands. On these precepts they were content to base the home training of their sons and daughters. It was tough on the children, but the parents felt fine. They didn't lie awake at night thinking and fretting, wondering if during the past twenty-four hours they had done some fearful damage to their darlings' tender growth. They slept at night.

But times changed and child psychology was born. Parents discovered they had been making terrible mistakes—mistakes which could transform their sons and daughters into problem children, social misfits, juvenile delinquents and even potential schizophrenics.

Much of what they read and were told was true, but they misinterpreted it; some of it has since been proved unfounded or exaggerated. At any rate, the more they learned the more they worried.

Today, a leading Canadian psychologist says, "Parents are taking the rap for everything that's wrong with the world, including the atom bomb." Recently, Dr. Mary Northway, of the Institute of Child Study in Toronto, declared, "Around here there's the feeling that parents are getting neurotic about the possible mistakes they're making."

This article does not aim to increase their neurosis. The writer, herself the mother of two small boys, is as worried as everybody else these days. And so the "Ten Mistakes" discussed here are not intended as an accusing list of parents' transgressions as much as a series of reassuring signposts, erected by psychologists who have studied children for the guidance of mothers and fathers who love children and want to know them better.

This is the order in which most modern authorities rate the Ten Worst Mistakes that Parents Make.

MISTAKE NO. 1. WE FEEL WE'RE ENTIRELY TO BLAME FOR HOW OUR CHILDREN TURN OUT.

There are no absolutes when it comes to human behavior. We parents have to learn we cannot control and direct our children's lives past a certain point. A child is an individual, born with his own characteristics and tendencies, growing up in a fast-paced complex world that even grownups find nerve-racking. If we can give our children enough love and understanding and courage at home so that they can face the world with a clear head and a brave heart, we're doing well.

MISTAKE NO. 2. WE COMPARE ONE CHILD WITH ANOTHER.

Many parents are constantly comparing their own children with other people's children, or even with other children in the same family. No two children, except possibly identical twins, are alike. Each child has his own personality, determined by the interplay of his heredity and his environment, so that it is quite useless—not to say dangerous—to try and compare him with anybody else. Comparisons only serve to make a child hate his rival, a particularly sad situation if it happens to be his own brother or sister.

Many parents are getting neurotic through worrying whether their children are getting neurotic. Here's expert and common-sense advice on how to avoid the ten worst pitfalls

A teacher discovered in her class a bright normal sixteen-year-old girl who was developing strong feelings of inferiority. She learned that the girl's parents were unusually brilliant, and that their other children had distinguished themselves at school. They called Barbara "the family dumbbell." By meeting the parents and pointing out Barbara's many excellent qualities the teacher was able to make them realize how wounding their words and attitudes had been to a daughter who merited their love and respect even if she didn't happen to be an intellectual giant.

Some parents are unconcerned by a child's intelligence rating, but abnormally concerned over his popularity, or lack of it. Yet very popular children are likely to carry inner anxieties, tensions and conflicts which are not found to the same degree in less popular children; many of them suffer an inner discontent, a lack of psychological security. The child who has found a friend is more fortunate. With his friend he can be himself, not what the group wants him to be. He is more relaxed, less inhibited, more creative. Thus it may be the extremely popular child who needs help, not the unpopular one.

MISTAKE NO. 3. WE EXPECT TOO MUCH OF OUR CHILDREN.

Don't act as if a child is fixed for life at his present state of development. At three, for instance, a boy may see wolves in dark corners of the bedroom and scream for a night light. At six, he may become an aggressive name-caller with strong matricidal impulses. Around nine or ten, boys and girls join a "secret gang" with code language and mysterious passwords. Girls of thirteen keep diaries, write poetry and suffer for lost causes. By sixteen, the causes are more immediate, like dates and clothes and the stupidity of old-fashioned parents. In other words, each age has its own attitudes and troubles.

Patience is what is needed most to bring up a child. Often, just as his parents have decided hopelessly that he will *always* do such-and-such, he stops of his own accord.

MISTAKE NO. 4. WE EXPECT TOO LITTLE OF OUR CHILDREN.

This can be just as destructive. A woman of forty-five still irons her twenty-year-old daughter's blouses, makes her bed, and runs downtown on her messages. She explains her conduct by saying, "Oh, she's young yet."

This kind of solicitude doesn't help a child as much as the mother may think. The youngster who grows up with no responsibilities or obligations or household chores is being cheated of experience and training needed as an adult. The husband who marries a girl who can't cook is in for a rude shock. The wife who marries a boy whose mother still babies him has not taken on a man, but a baby.

Some parents demand little from their children because children seem so slow and inept. "I know I should insist on Billy making his bed, but I can do it so much quicker myself," a mother says. This is true but it won't make for a responsible child.

Many parents are afraid of frustrating their children—but some psychologists today suggest that a good strong *no* comes in handy now and then and even believe that an occasional spank on the bottom, following on the heels of several unheeded warnings may be administered with no ill effects. *Continued on page 50*



DON'T force a child to show off before company.



DON'T shield a child excessively from experience.



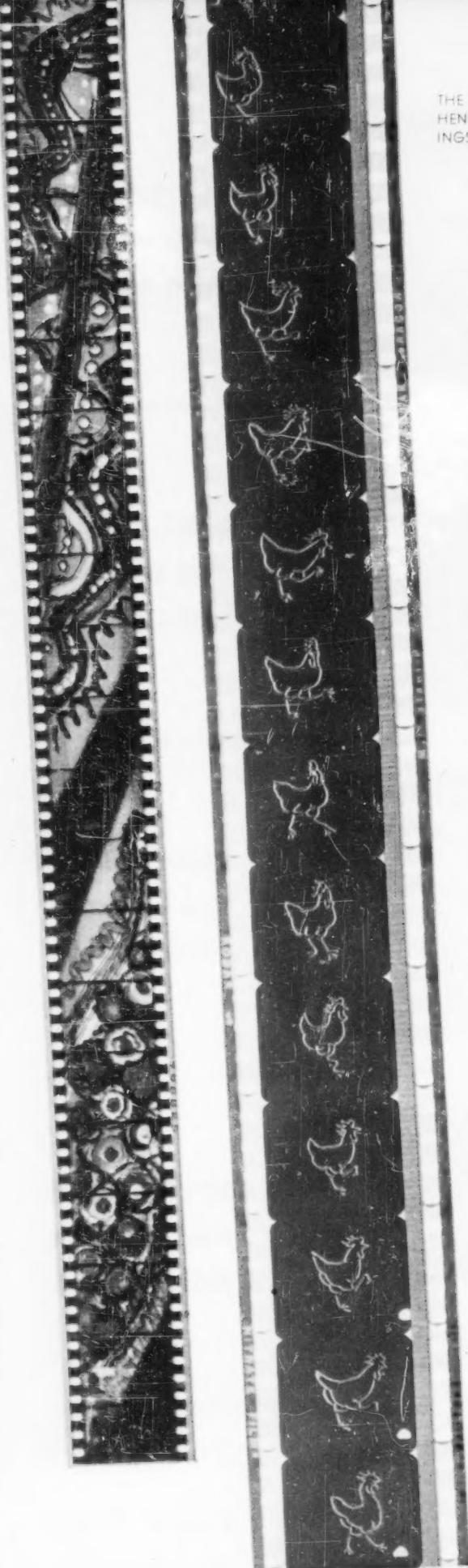
DON'T confuse them. They will always imitate.



DON'T forget a price hike hits youngsters too.



DON'T forget you have a life to live yourself.



THE FILM STRIPS ARE FROM BEGONE DULL CARE (TOP LEFT), HEN HOP (1943) AND (BOTTOM) FIDDLE-DE-DEE. THESE DRAWINGS ARE SYNCHRONIZED WITH NATIVE CANADIAN MUSIC.

The Inspired Doodles of Norman McLaren

By ALAN PHILLIPS



The man who's sometimes called the Canadian Disney still spurns offers from Hollywood while turning out some of the world's strangest movies in a cramped Ottawa cubbyhole. He is a specialist in gentle violence

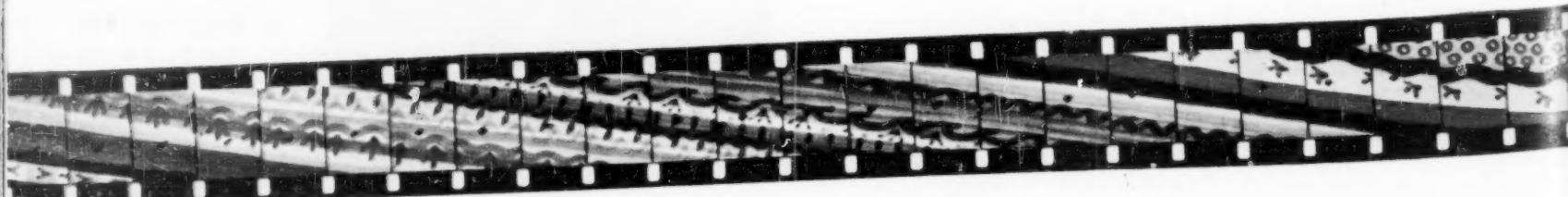


USING THE APPARATUS HE INVENTED MC LAREN DRAWS RIGHT ONTO RAW FILM WITH INDIA INK.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C., one day last year, an irate U. S. civil servant rose from his seat in the Georgetown Theatre. Ignoring the start of the feature he had come to see, he demanded to see the manager. He had just seen a short, a piece of animation called *Fiddle-de-dee*, made by a Canadian civil servant, Norman McLaren. "It was shocking and in bad taste, and by heavens," he said, trembling with indignation, "it shouldn't be allowed."

Before the startled manager had time to recover, a woman of ninety came into his office. She seldom went to the movies, she admitted timidly, but she couldn't help but mention that his short subject, *Fiddle-de-dee*, was the most delightful thing she had ever seen.

A British Columbia teacher complained that *Fiddle-de-dee* was hard on the eyes. But an Illinois eye specialist bought a print because "It's the best thing I've ever seen for eye exercises." A woman at a tourist showing in Riding Mountain National Park swore the operator was running the picture backward, and the operator swore it didn't matter. A New York fabric company wanted a contract to use the film "as an inspiration





McLAREN IS SHOWN WORKING ON BEGONE DULL CARE. IT WAS A HIT IN BERLIN. PICASSO SAID: "SOMETHING NEW."

for textile patterns." A New York businessman saw *Fiddle-de-dee* and wrote on his reaction slip: "Somebody must be colorblind." A couple of months before, a New York critic had written in the Magazine of Art: "Fiddle-de-dee is made with a sure sense of color."

Wherever Norman McLaren's two-to-ten-minute movies are shown—and they are shown in about fifty countries—they arouse all the known (and some unknown) reactions. After screenings by the Canadian Embassy in France, a number of Norman McLaren clubs sprang up. But in London a member of the Tooting Film Society couldn't find words to express his nausea. In answer to the question, "Please give your comments," he answered: "!!!!".

Norman McLaren is perhaps the most unusual of the great pioneers in motion-picture cartooning. His films are in the classic tradition. They create an imaginary world with violent action, usually humorous. But there the resemblance stops.

McLaren's films are out of this world completely. They flow straight out of his subconscious, that vast unknown region of the mind, that contains, some psychologists say, not only our own past, but the past of the race since time began. "If one of my images is a failure," McLaren explains, "I know that my consciousness entered into it and messed it up."

The violence in McLaren's movies is all in the speed at which his images move. His humor is gentle and ingenious; he doesn't see

anything funny in some character getting bashed; slapstick horrifies him; wisecracks leave him cold; he doesn't understand Bob Hope.

For that matter, many people don't understand McLaren. But few remain unmoved. In McLaren's productions the public is face to face with one of the rarest and most disturbing phenomena in any field: originality.

In spite of this, the government—through the National Film Board—goes on paying McLaren two hundred and fifty dollars twice a month without a murmur. He's the first and only artist in Canadian history to get a grant from the federal government.

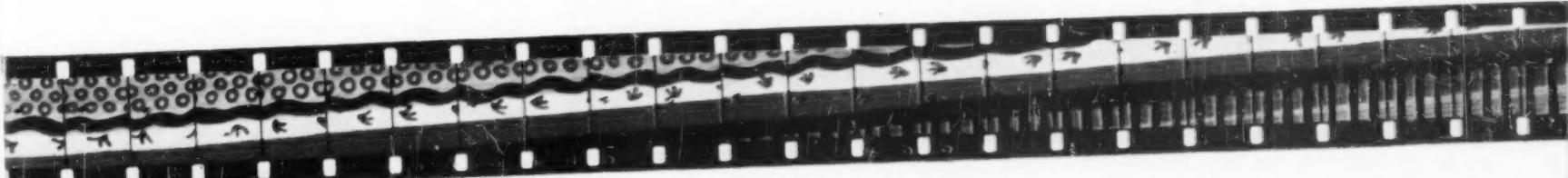
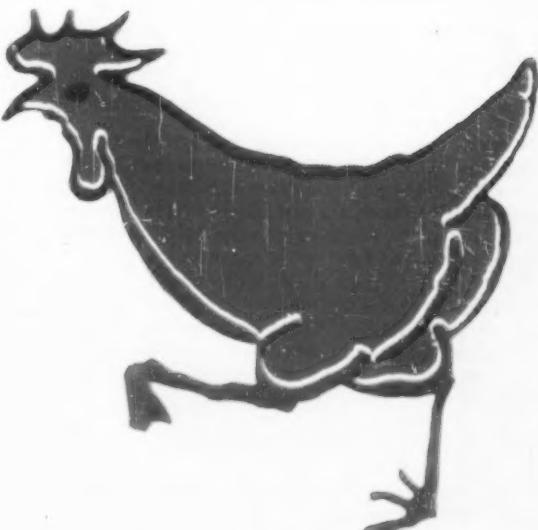
The government, of course, wouldn't call it a grant. They'd say he was just a producer on the Film Board staff. But McLaren's small film budget of ten thousand dollars a year (including his salary) hasn't any strings attached. He spends it just about as he pleases. No one gives him direction; no one is capable of it. Yet McLaren is of the What-in-the-world-is-that? school of art. He is an abstract artist.

Some of his films, like *Fiddle-de-dee* and *Begone Dull Care*, are pure design. "Their only purpose," McLaren says, "is to give the intellect a rest." When he saw them first, Picasso said: "Here, at least, is something new in the art of drawing."

When *Fiddle-de-dee* was finished back in 1947 McLaren showed it to Ross McLean, then Canadian film commissioner. "I started with a familiar

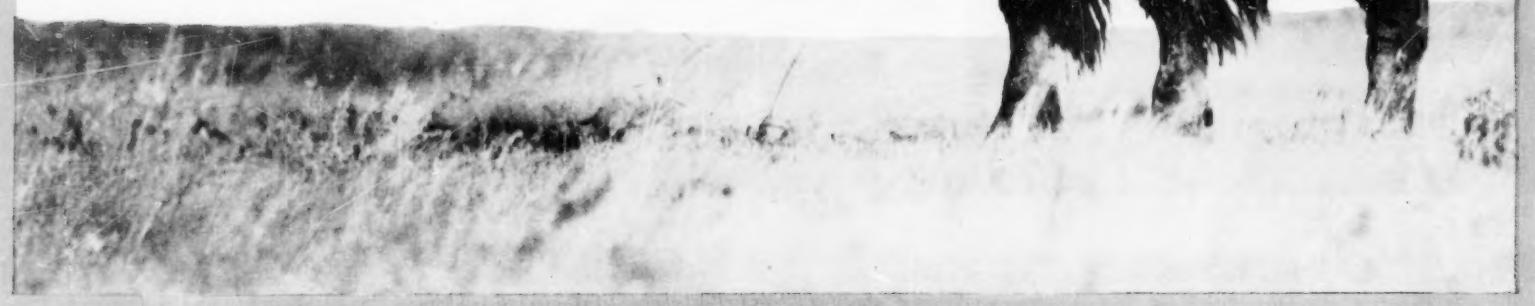
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THIS IS A SINGLE ENLARGEMENT FROM HEN HOP (SEE STRIP SECOND FROM LEFT). JOB TOOK MC LAREN THREE MONTHS.



The Mystery of the Mighty Buffalo

By CHARLES NEVILLE



Was it gun-crazy hunters alone who wiped out the buffalo? After sixty years of argument sorrowing scientists and historians still aren't certain

INTO THE Hand Hills of central Alberta in the autumn of 1889 plodded eleven harried buffalo, the last wild survivors of countless millions which a few years before had blackened vast areas of the western plains from horizon to horizon.

News of their arrival flashed through the neighboring posts and Indian encampments like a prairie fire and hunters gathered swiftly. Five of the eleven were shot, six disappeared. The hunters waited anxiously for news of where the six would reappear. But the news never came.

The west's last herd of wild plains buffalo, reduced to a harassed remnant of six panicky animals, had vanished forever. The Hand Hills had echoed with the gunfire and thundering hooves of the last buffalo hunt. It was never quite "the wild west" again.

The solemn cud-chewing buffalo of the plains—which biologists say wasn't a true buffalo at all—had plodded stiff-legged up and down the prairie grasslands and shaped the history of half a continent as no other wild animal of the world ever had or will. Ugly as sin and more savage than a dog with rabies, the buffalo in its heyday charged locomotives off their tracks and probably killed more men than all the world's tigers and wolves combined.

It had dominated the plains for something like four hundred thousand years, then it vanished from abundance to virtual extinction in five. Western Canada was the last stronghold. In 1876 travelers were still reporting "countless thousands of buffalo"; by 1882 only a few small groups remained here and there, the last of which were swallowed up by the Hand Hills in 1889.

What happened to the buffalo during those final brief five years? Could the last hundreds of thousands, possibly even millions, be slaughtered by hunters in half a decade? Or did disease, a winter of deep snow, or some other catastrophe of nature, bring the final extermination? Historians and biologists are still arguing. The mystery of the wild buffalo's abrupt disappearance has still not been conclusively answered.

Hunters slaughtered so many that prize buffalo robes had to be sold at a dollar twenty-five each and choice steaks at one cent a pound. But there is strong evidence that nature too at times could kill as ruthlessly as the buffalo hunters. To weigh the arguments of this man-or-nature controversy, the known facts have to be considered against the background of the whole buffalo story.

Technically speaking, the North American buffalo is a wild ox or bison, and the true buffaloes of Africa and Asia wouldn't admit it into their family tree as a fourth cousin. The trademark of its ox kinship is the massive head and neck and high humped shoulders. Its puny-appearing hind-quarters and spindly legs look grotesquely inadequate for its massive front. But the buffalo's front-heavy profile, like its name, is more fancy than fact. The massiveness of head and neck is exaggerated by long shaggy fur, and the contrasting puniness of the hind quarters is an optical illusion created by the fact that this part of the bison's anatomy boasts hardly a whisker. For those spindly legs and haunches could drive its great body through the side of a boxcar. One giant bull once hooked a horse and rider and carried both at a dead run for a hundred yards.

A bull in its prime stood six feet high at the shoulder, eleven or twelve feet long, averaged a ton in weight. Yet it could be as agile as a cat. Occasionally a male of enormous size would weigh up to a ton and a half. These behemoths were said to have been accidentally castrated as calves by the slashing fangs of a wolf in a running attack.

The American bison, alias buffalo, is believed to have migrated from Asia in the ice age when a land bridge connected Alaska and Siberia. The North American plains suited it and it became the world's most abundant big-game animal—more numerous even than the great game herds of Africa.

It wasn't fertility that did it, for the buffalo cow produces only one calf a year. But what it lacks in fertility, compared with some other animals, is more than balanced by longevity, toughness and a dogged capacity for survival. When the Canadian government's herd of semidomesticated ailing buffalo at Wainwright Park in Alberta had to be slaughtered in 1940 because the army wanted the park many of the original cows earmarked forty years before were still bearing calves.

Its hardiness was demonstrated best during the bitter prairie winters. It didn't migrate to Texas for the winter as most early writers claimed—it didn't need to. In spite of those colorful yarns about buffalo migrations it is now agreed by most authorities that the buffalo wasn't a migrating animal at all. It moved around plenty, seeking greener pastures, but these movements were wanderings, not regular migrations. If anything, their movements as winter approached were northwards, not toward the sunny south, for there is evidence that many herds sought winter protection

by moving up to the edge of northern forests.

When snow covered the prairie grass the buffalo rooted through it with a snout that made an excellent snowplow, instead of pawing ineffectually with hooves as cattle do. Buffalo calves were sometimes born in midwinter to start life in a temperature of thirty below that would kill the toughest Hereford calf in a few hours. The heel fly, which terrifies cattle, was philosophically defeated by the buffalo—it simply lay down, tucked its feet underneath it, and calmly chewed its cud until the fly buzzed off. Even buffalo blinded by prairie fires seemed to fare well. With hearing and sense of smell extremely acute to compensate for loss of sight, a blind buffalo was often the herd sentinel that gave the first warning of approaching danger.

What all this adds up to is that the buffalo was biological perfection for prairie survival. The mystery of its disappearance becomes harder to explain.

The buffalo became so numerous that even the vast area of the plains couldn't hold them all and they pressed eastward through the forests south of the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Coast itself, southward deep into Mexico, and northward into Canada's Peace River and Great Slave Lake districts. The buffalo was an animal of the forest as well as the plains when the first explorers came to America.

The first buffalo seen by white men in the present U. S. was near the site of Washington, D.C. Daniel Boone hunted buffalo in Kentucky. The city of Buffalo on Lake Erie is thought to have been named for a nearby salt-lick frequented by buffalo. In the west they penetrated far into the mountains of British Columbia and Oregon. Fossil remains of bison have been found at Toronto.

"Fairly Black With Them"

But the buffalo was primarily an animal of the plains where food supply, the factor which limits most animal populations, was no problem. It could grow fat on parched or frozen grass where range cattle would starve, and on the almost limitless grassland pastures of the west it became so abundant that wagon trains would creak on for days without once passing out of sight of buffalo.

Capt. John Fremont, U. S. explorer and surveyor, wrote: "A traveler might start from . . . the Rocky Mountains, journey to the Missouri River, and during the whole distance (six hundred miles) large bands of buffalo would never be out of his view."

Early diaries and Hudson's Bay Company records indicate that Canada had herds as vast as those of the south. Andrew McDermott, an HBC employee, related in 1873: "Recently a party of hunters was seven days passing through a herd." The location was north of Medicine Hat, Alta. Sir Cecil Denny, traveling westward with the original detachment of Mounted Police in 1874, said: "We came to places where, as far as the eye could reach, thousands and tens of thousands were in sight, the country being fairly black with them."

How many buffalo were there originally? Ernest Thompson Seton, a cautious Canadian scientist, estimated the original prairie population of buffalo at seventy millions. Dr. William T. Hornaday, another early chronicler of the buffalo, wrote: "Of all quadrupeds that have lived upon the earth, probably no species has marshaled such innumerable hosts as those of the American bison."

The buffalo was probably the prairie's main defense against encroaching forests. Thousands of years ago forests would probably have covered the plains had the buffalo not learned to obtain relief against the itching of mosquitoes and burrs by rubbing its hide against every tree it encountered. The buffalo literally kept the treeless plains treeless by rubbing off bark, and killing trees in the process, to keep his bites scratched.

Sometimes in an orgy of scratching a herd would "rub down" a whole cabin, and they pushed over telegraph poles in some sections as fast as railwaymen erected them. One western Canadian track crew attempted to cure the buffalo of pole-rubbing



Indians were notoriously wasteful buffalo killers. In 1838 Alfred Jacob Miller painted this scene showing mounted braves stampeding a herd over a cliff. This practice was considered common on the prairies.

by driving spikes into the poles. The buffalo found the spikes made perfect back scratchers. An official wired: "How are the spikes working out?" The report went back: "Terrible. They used to wait their turn; now they fight like hell over who's going to get to the poles first."

Western history would have been very different without the buffalo. It was the buffalo that kept the plains Indians well-fed, healthy, aggressive and skilled fighters—a contrast with the lethargic and undernourished Indians of the forests. The stalking skills and reckless courage developed through generations of buffalo-hunting had turned the Indians of the plains into the best guerrilla fighters the world has ever seen and they left a bloody trail across the pages of prairie history.

Dried buffalo meat (mixed with forty percent fat and called pemmican) made the rapid fur trade routes of the west possible and speeded the opening of the plains. To span the long canoe routes the voyageurs had to paddle from dawn to dark and there was no time to support themselves by hunting. They traveled on whisky, tobacco and pemmican.

The buffalo played another significant role in shaping the history of the west. It rarely climbed a hill if it could get around it on the level. It had an engineering genius for discovering easy routes across canyons or through mountain and

foothill country. These buffalo trails were frequently the only routes for wagon trains across rough country and often saved days of detouring. Many of today's main highway and railway routes across the west were blazed originally by buffalo.

Indian life and economy on the plains centred around the buffalo. The herds were the Indians' department store. First, they provided food; even the fetus cooked in its own fluid was eaten. The tanned hides provided clothing, moccasins and tepee covers; untanned, they were used for canoes and shields. The lining of the stomach made containers for water and pemmican, the hooves made glue, the back sinews made thread and bowstrings, the ribs made sled runners, the horns made spoons and powder containers.

Lastly, as important as the meat itself, were the buffalo droppings—the prairies' only fuel. Buffalo "chips," dried hard, remained preserved for years and burned to produce a hot lasting fire. They saved the lives of many white men when winter suddenly caught them far from home.

All in all, no animal except the horse, the dog and maybe the camel has had greater impact on man's civilization and history.

Perhaps, as some historians and zoologists believe, man wasn't completely to blame for the buffalo's disappearance; perhaps nature too turned against them in their *Continued on next page*



White men were no better. The original Buffalo Bill killed one hundred and sixty animals in one day. In the U. S. passengers used to shoot them from the windows of trains, and leave the carcasses for vultures.

Maclean's MOVIES

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THE BIG SKY: A remarkably plausible performance by Arthur Hunnicutt as a wily frontiersman and some superb outdoor photography are high among the assets of this rambling, episodic yarn based on part of the novel by A. B. Guthrie Jr. It's about a perilous keelboat trip up the Missouri River in 1832.

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA: The famous Broadway play by William Inge has been turned into an uncommonly moving and honest film. Burt Lancaster as a moody, idealistic ex-drunk is sometimes less than convincing, but Shirley Booth's sketch of his slatternly wife is as fine a piece of acting as the screen has offered in years.

FEARLESS FAGAN: A disarming and un-frenzied little farce about a soldier (Carleton Carpenter), his full-grown pet lion (Fagan), and a movie star (Janet Leigh) who becomes fond of both of them.

THE FOURPOSTER: A honeymoon couple (Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer) grow old, die and are reunited as happy ghosts—all of this within the walls of their bedroom and near its old-fashioned fourposter bed. Beguiling in spots, but the treatment is too slick and sophisticated for the material.

THE HAPPY TIME: Although uncomfortably arch in a few scenes, this emerges as a likeable comedy about a Canadian family in Ottawa in the 1920s, all of them incessantly devoted to l'amour. Charles Boyer, as papa, is particularly endearing.

IVANHOE: A handsome and exciting Anglo-American filming of Sir Walter Scott's novel. The big cast includes Robert Taylor and George Sanders as knightly antagonists, and Elizabeth Taylor and Jean Fontaine as fair ladies who spur them to heroic deeds. The result is one of the most satisfying of costumed swashbucklers.

JUST FOR YOU: A Bing Crosby musical, burdened at times by a tedious story and by Robert Arthur's painful character-

ization of an adolescent lover. Bing and Jane Wyman, however, sing and coquet with energy and grace, and Ethel Barrymore amusingly portrays a stately headmistress who tinkers with powerboat engines in her spare time.

LIMELIGHT: Charles Chaplin, the greatest one-man moviemaker of them all, triumphs over his rather wordy script in this funny and tender comedy-drama. It's about a forgotten old clown who masterminds the career of a sad little dancer — beautifully played by newcomer Claire Bloom. Chaplin's performance is a masterpiece, and the film as a whole is among his finest creations.

MIRACLE IN MILAN: A charming Italian fairy tale. It has to do with a shack-town colony of beggars, an ogre of a millionaire, and an orphan boy who uses a magic dove to aid the course of justice.

MY MAN AND I: A mildly interesting yarn about a high-minded Mexican-American (Ricardo Montalban) and the various evil and noble citizens who railroad him to prison and get him out. Shelley Winters is still repeating her work in *A Place in the Sun*.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE: An enjoyable and far-from-stuffy account of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage to America aboard the Mayflower in 1620. The large and generally competent cast is topped by Spencer Tracy as the ship's master, a cynical and lustful rogue with a hidden heart of gold. A storm-at-sea sequence is one of Hollywood's most fabulous exploits in that department.

THE STORY OF MANDY: A little girl named Mandy Miller, adroitly directed by Alexander Mackendrick, is almost certain to melt your heart in her role here as a deaf-and-dumb child who slowly enters the world of normal life. A soap-operatic story of domestic discord somewhat weakens the total product, but its many brilliant moments make it a recommendable item.

Gilmour Rates

Affair in Trinidad: Drama. Fair.
African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
All Because of Sally: Comedy. Fair.
Because of You: Drama. Fair.
Because You're Mine: Lanza operatic comedy. Good.
Big Jim McLain: Spy drama. Fair.
Captive City: Crime drama. Good.
Carrie: Tragic drama. Good.
Cry, the Beloved Country: African tragic drama. Good.
Curtain Up: British comedy. Fair.
The Devil Makes 3: Suspense. Good.
Dreamboat: Satiric comedy. Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
Girl in White: Medical drama. Fair.
Hawks in the Sun: Air war. Good.
High Noon: Western. Excellent.
I Believe in You: Drama. Good.
Importance of Being Earnest: Oscar Wilde comedy. Excellent.
Island of Desire: Tropic drama. Poor.
King Kong: Fantasy (reissue). Good.
The Lady With a Lamp: Biography of Florence Nightingale. Fair.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.
The Merry Widow: Musical. Fair.

The Mystery of the Mighty Buffalo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

dying days. But whatever the answer the one fact indisputably proven by history is that no animal was more ruthlessly or more senselessly slaughtered.

Civilization rolled westward like a tidal wave, pushing the buffalo before it. There were no buffalo left in the forests east of the Mississippi by 1800. Then the assault on the plains' buffalo began.

The prairie buffalo hunt days bred a reckless indefatigable breed of horses and horsemen. Buffalo horses had to be able to gallop at high speed for long distances, retain footing on rough ground, manoeuvre in a melee of stampeding buffalo, and after each kill quickly put their riders in position for another. There was no time for loading muskets with ramrod and wadding. Powder was carried loosely in a jacket pocket, shot in the hunter's mouth. The powder would be scooped out on the run and a handful dumped down the barrel, a shot would be dropped on top. The charge and shot would lie so loosely that the barrel had to be aimed downwards and the trigger pulled simultaneously or the whole business would roll out.

Extermination of the buffalo started on the southern plains and worked northward. Until the 1860s the slaughter was unorganized and herds numbering millions still remained. Then railways began penetrating the U. S. plains and every hunter who could afford a ticket west got into the "sport." Thousands were shot from the windows of moving trains and left lying where they fell to fatten vultures. The U. S. government organized hunts with cavalry escorts for visiting dignitaries from Europe. Professional hunters were hired to feed the railway construction camps with buffalo meat and only the choicest hind quarters and tongues were used. A hunter who couldn't kill three thousand buffalo in a season wasn't rehired. Buffalo Bill Cody, the original of numerous "Buffalo Bills," killed one hundred and sixty-six one day.

The locomotive whistle was the buffalo's death knell because trains provided a means of getting hides back to eastern cities where there was a big market for buffalo robes. As a group, hide hunters killed more than any others. Martin S. Garretson, in his book, *The American Bison*, says that a freight shed at Cheyenne, Wyo., in 1872 "was literally so packed with buffalo hides that the walls bulged." The shed was one hundred and seventy-five feet long, sixty feet wide and thirty feet high. A shed this size could hold about a million and a half buffalo hides.

The southern herd was wiped out except for a few stragglers by 1875. Millions still remained in northern U. S. and Canada. Legal efforts to have the U. S. slaughter halted, or at least slowed down, were pigeonholed at Washington because the U. S. government had embarked upon a policy of starving the Indians into submission by deliberately encouraging extermination of the buffalo.

Until around 1870 all large-scale buffalo hunting in the Canadian west was confined to the famous "Red River hunts." Hunters and their families would move out of the Red River settlements in June and spend the summer chasing buffalo until their carts were filled. In 1840, 1,630 hunters with 1,210 carts took part. It required

about ten buffalo, after the meat had been dried and converted to pemmican, to load a cart. Some later hunts were said to include from four to five thousand carts.

By 1874 the buffalo had been pushed westward practically to Alberta and the Red River hunts were abandoned. The stage was set for the buffalo's last stand in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In the 1870s buffalo in the western half of the Canadian plains must still have existed in millions. In January 1876 an Edmonton warehouse was stacked to the roof with pemmican from buffalo shot the previous summer. The curtain was coming down, but no one saw it coming.

Because there were no railroads the buffalo-robe trade was late in reaching into western Canada. Around 1870 the Blackfoot Indians of southern Alberta were defeated, opening up routes between Alberta and trading posts in Montana. Large-scale hide hunting then began in western Canada. Thousands of hides were obtained by whisky traders and smuggled into the U. S. Joel A. Allen estimates in his book, *American Bisons*, "That the destruction of buffalo in the Saskatchewan region in 1872 must have amounted to considerably more than a million, and these mainly cows."

The end came swiftly. In 1878 the posts of MacLeod and Fort Walsh in Alberta jointly shipped thirty thousand robes, the next year the total dropped to fewer than fourteen thousand.



sand. One historian records: "Where the hills were covered with countless thousands of buffalo in 1877, the Blackfeet were dying of starvation in 1879." But the slaughter went on mercilessly wherever buffalo could be found.

In October 1884 a CPR train running east from Calgary was boarded at every way station by passengers carrying rifles and saddles until only standing room remained — because seven buffalo had been reported near Maple Creek in the Cypress Hills. One Cree band of twenty-nine was reduced to three by starvation and cannibalism in the winter of 1886.

Except for a few small groups, the last of which disappeared in the Hand Hills in 1889, the wild free-roaming buffalo was gone. To a man, Indians and white hunters were sure they would reappear. They waited, but in vain.

As a wild creature the buffalo had vanished. As a semidomesticated animal in zoos and in private and government-owned herds the species was saved. Experimental crossing of buffalo and cattle has produced a sad-looking animal dubbed the cattalo. Today there are about fifteen thousand buffalo in Canada and five thousand in the U. S.

There is no doubt hunting was the main cause of the disappearance of the wild buffalo, until we get down to the



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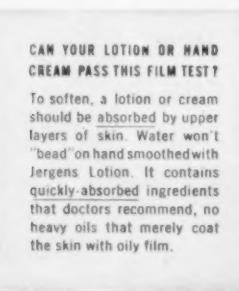
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You lovingly and closely,
When you, my sweet, agree to greet
The grim A.M.s morosely.

Tom Talman

last big herds of Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1876, still described as "countless thousands." Then suddenly, within five years, only a handful remained. Of all the buffalo stories, the mystery of its final abrupt going is the most intriguing of all.

Disease, deep snows and mass drownings through rotten springtime ice have been suggested to account for the buffalo's disappearance.

As evidence of the buffalo's curious trust in softening ice, John McDonnell in one day in the spring of 1795 counted 7,360 carcasses along the Qu'Appelle River. One of Sir George Simpson's journals records: "In 1829 I saw ten thousand of their putrid carcasses lying mired in a single ford of the Saskatchewan."

Yet there is no evidence that the rotten-ice toll was greater around 1880 when the buffalo suddenly disappeared than in other periods.

Frank G. Roe, of Victoria, B.C., probably the continent's top buffalo authority, has spent twenty-five years critically analyzing everything that has been written about the buffalo and searching diligently for evidence of disease epidemics among them. Roe, a retired railway engineer, is a scientist in everything but training. His monumental book, *North American Buffalo*, debunks many of the traditional beliefs about the bison.

Roe uncovered only two references to epidemics among wild buffalo. Explorer Dr. James Hector heard from Indians on the eastern slope of the Rockies in 1858 that eleven years previously an epidemic killed vast numbers of moose, deer and buffalo. Eleven years later game was still scarce. The other reference was a letter in the *Regina Daily Star* written by H. M. Starkey, of Seattle, in 1938. Starkey claimed that in 1883 in the Cypress Hills of Saskatchewan he saw masses of dead buffalo, apparently killed by disease, covering several acres so closely "that one could jump from one carcass to another."

In 1932 Dr. E. A. Bruce, a government pathologist, was investigating an epidemic of hemorrhagic septicemia (a virulent form of infectious blood poisoning) then taking a fierce toll of farm animals and fowl. Bruce said there was a strong likelihood that this

disease, which spreads swiftly, was the cause of the buffalo's sudden disappearance.

Were the masses of dead buffalo which Starkey saw in 1883—about the time the buffalo vanished—victims of a hemorrhagic septicemia epidemic which over a year or two swept the animals from the plains? Roe says there is no biological explanation for a disease, apparently present for ages and successfully resisted, suddenly flaring into a killer that could wipe buffalo out by the thousands. Others have suggested, however, that hemorrhagic septicemia may have been a new disease carried in by horses and cattle.

The buffalo with its heavy vest of long matted fur was well equipped to withstand prairie blizzards, but deep snows sometimes wiped out whole herds. The buffalo would seek shelter in a coulee, lie down and before they attempted to move they would be trapped by deep snow drifting in and be slowly buried and suffocated.

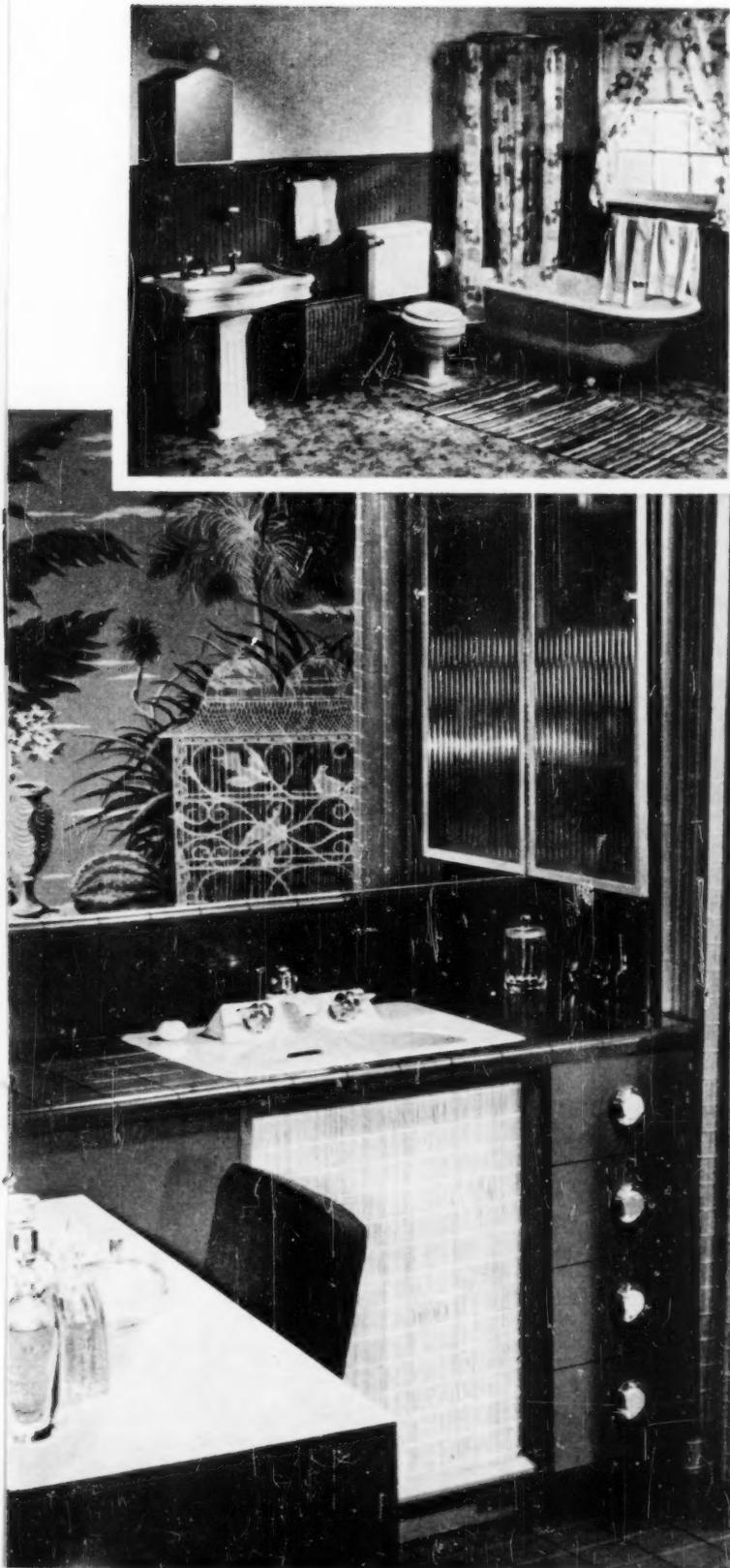
One of the snowiest winters the Canadian west ever experienced in white man's history was 1880-81, coinciding roughly with the buffalo's disappearance. Ernest Thompson Seton said ravines twenty feet deep were snowed in to the top and the rolling prairie was brought to a dead level by snow. The late professor A. S. Morton, of the University of Saskatchewan, is among those who have suggested that the 1880 snows "dealt the final blow to the buffalo herds."

But Frank Roe is skeptical of the deep-snow explanation, as he is of disease. How, he asks, could snow suddenly exterminate an animal that had survived the snows of hundreds of thousands of winters? Many early accounts of snows clearing an area of buffalo for years are shot full of holes by Roe's research—the buffalo were not exterminated, they were merely missed by one traveler, but seen by others in the same general area at the same time. Roe also points out that buffalo of the southern plains disappeared almost as suddenly as those of the north—and there was no snow there.

Roe insists that the disappearance of the buffalo is no mystery. "Man, and nothing else, was the final destroyer of the buffalo," he says. ★

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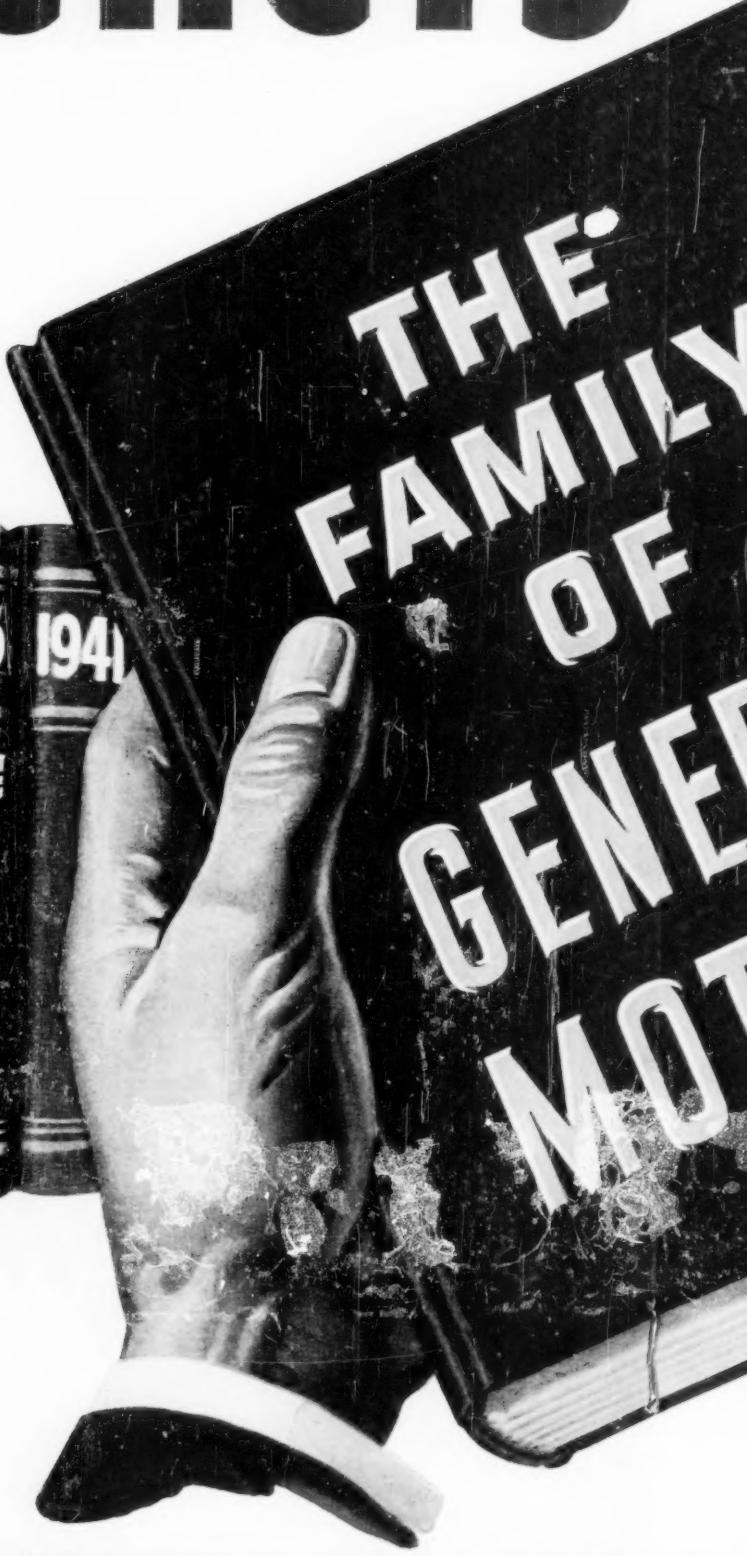
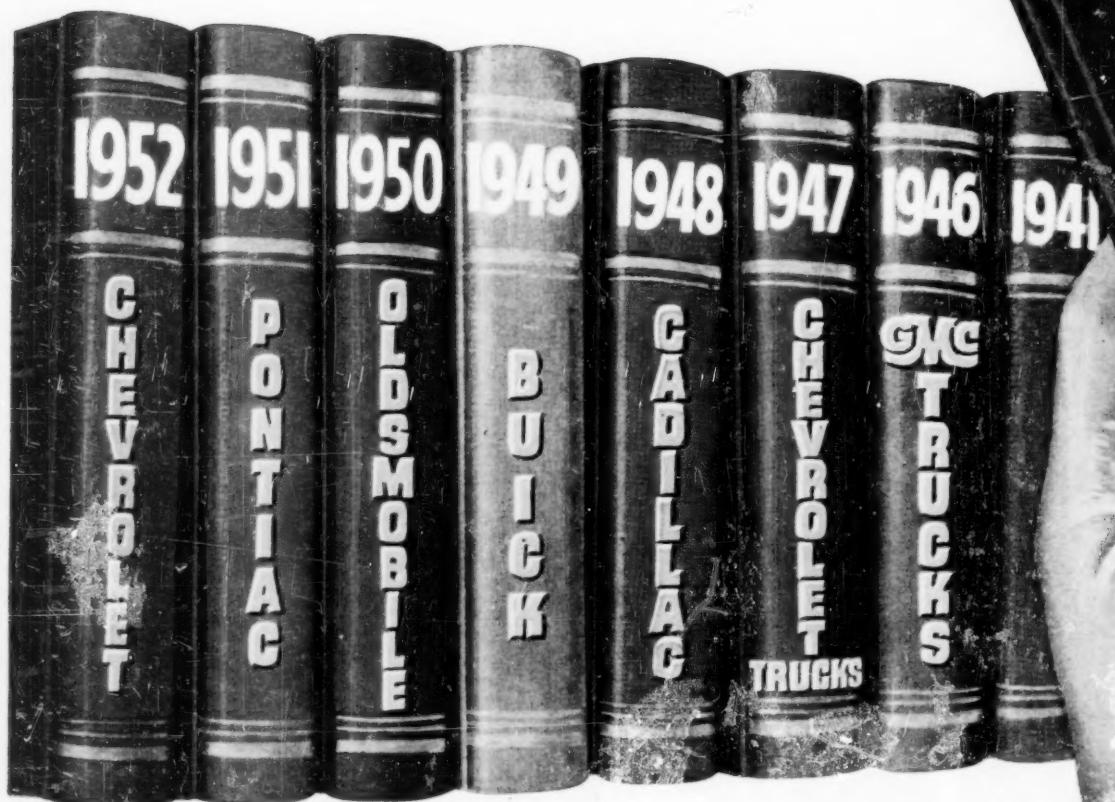
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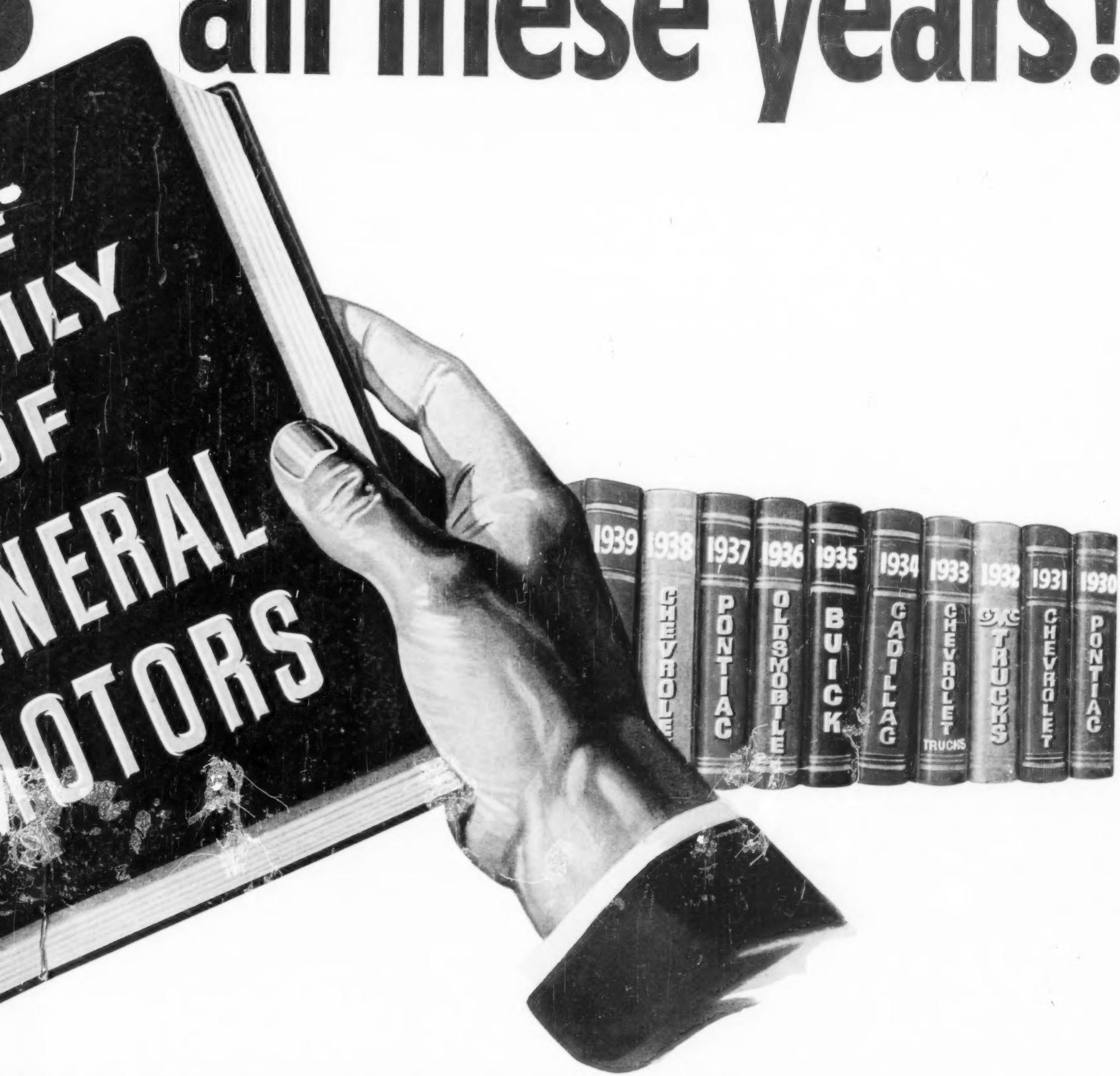
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Sir Giles and the Knightfighter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

the sight of blood," sneered Sir Athelstan Bashington, a muscular blond youth with a square jaw and a crew cut, who was the son of the Earl of Fidgett Parva. "The poor dear."

At this point the pipers broke into MacLean of the Isles and further conversation became impossible. The pages presently removed the plates full of the bones of birds and beasts, substituted dishes of nuts and grapes, removed these and brought bowls of water and clean hand towels, and at length dinner was finished. During all this time, even when the pipers had finished, not another word was spoken to Sir Giles Fitzjames.

The disgrace had begun.

Gates, the major-domo, passed the word along to Mrs. Meeker, the cook, who passed it along to the servants' quarters. Opinion below-stairs coincided precisely with that above; Sir Giles was either a coward or a looney or both. By the next morning this opinion was shared by the village which straggled away from the drawbridge over the castle's moat, and by evening it was being favorably discussed two miles away in the village of Mincing.

To nobody was the generally dim view of Sir Giles Fitzjames more painful than to Lady Angela Ironbone, only daughter of Earl Egfrith of Pevensey. A lovely, golden-haired, green-eyed girl whose nose tilted up just the slightest bit, she was betrothed to Sir Athelstan Bashington. Their marriage, everybody figured, was politically sound, since it would unite the earldoms of Pevensey and Fidgett Parva.

The trouble was that Angela loved Giles Fitzjames.

"I don't care if I am betrothed," she'd told her father when he broke the news to her following lengthy talks with the Earl of Fidgett Parva, "I wouldn't marry Athelstan Bashing-

ton if he were the last knight in Mercia, Northumbria, Cornwall or points west.

"And furthermore," she'd concluded, "I will not play second harp to a horse. I absolutely refuse to marry a man who spends half the year helling around the tournament circuit winning cups and silver trays. Besides, I know that athletic type; give him another ten years and he'll have a paunch."

Even after she had spent three days in the spare guest room in the North Tower (originally, she was supposed to spend six months in the tower to think things over, but Egfrith was a kindly man) she continued to be in love with Giles.

Nevertheless the betrothal continued, and Sir Athelstan continued to hang around Pevensey Castle over the week ends.

Consequently, it was not until Sir Athelstan had gone home to Fidgett Parva that Angela was able to talk privately with Giles, without arousing comment, in the apartment he shared with Prof. C. J. M. Petersmith (B.A., Oxon.) in the West Tower. Professor Petersmith was the castle tutor.

"Hi," said Angela, pausing at the door to catch her breath after the long climb up the winding stairs inside the tower. "Mind if I come in?"

Surveying the scene she felt a feminine urge to deal with it, for the great circular room was in dreadful shape. Pieces of manuscript were scattered among the rushes which covered the stone floor and somebody had set a tankard of ale perilously on the arm of a chair.

"Watch out for my tankard," Giles called without looking up from the huge book opened on a heavy oak table under a tall extremely narrow window. "Incidentally, I'm not too sure you're allowed to visit me, Angie. I'm sort of in arrest in quarters for conduct unbecoming a knight."

"I know," Angela replied, moving into the room and making a mental note that sooner or later the jumble of vials, flasks and retorts which Professor Petersmith was using in some alchemical experiments would probably blow up.

"Petersmith and I think we've got

it licked," said Giles, closing the heavy leather-bound volume with a thump. "Got what licked?"

"You know how cold and nasty the castle gets in winter, and how you practically freeze to death if you get more than a few feet from a fireplace?"

Angela nodded, bewildered.

"Well," Giles went on, "Petersmith and I have figured out what you might call a central heating system. Never been done before, as far as we can find out."

It cannot be denied that at this point in the conversation Lady Angela felt slightly miffed. A sweet, nobly spirited girl, she had come to offer solace to Giles in his disgrace and, instead of finding him miserable and pathetically grateful for her generous words of cheer, she had found him enthusiastically contemplating a heating system.

"Petersmith got the idea from something he'd read about the Romans," Giles babbled happily, failing to heed the faint but ominous cloud which was creeping across the delicate features of Angela Ironbone, "and I've been working out the practical details."

"Giles Fitzjames," Angela's voice was even, but brittle with anger, "do you mean to say you aren't even concerned with what people are saying about you? About your not jousting, and all that?"

"Now look here, Angie—"

"Not that I expect you to spend all your time fighting, but just up and quitting . . ." Angela was at a loss for words. "It's simply not done." Her eyes filled with sudden tears. "How do you think I feel when people call you Fake Fitzjames, or Gentle Giles?"

"Now, Angie—"

"Athelstan Bashington says it's a plain case of cowardice."

"Nuts to Athelstan Bashington," Giles replied bitterly. "I doubt very much whether Athelstan Bashington can sign his own name. A professional thug, if you should ask my opinion."

"He is not either a professional thug. He's a gentleman at arms and a Knight of the Order of Saint Theobald, and furthermore he knows how to live up to the code."

"Ha!" said Giles Fitzjames harshly. He meant it to sting.

And on this unsatisfactory note the interview ended, as Angela, in a whirl of skirts, marched from the room and slammed the door behind her.

Just three days later Ulric, called the Unwieldy, King of Wessex, invaded East Anglia, alleging intolerable provocation, several serious border incidents and a couple of treaty violations. A herald, traveling under a white flag, brought the news to Pevensey Castle and added that several of the feebler border barons had already surrendered. Whereupon Earl Egfrith ordered his villagers inside the castle and prepared for a siege.

At the week end there appeared at the castle gates the Earl of Fidgett Parva, accompanied by his son, Sir Athelstan Bashington, and what was left of his retinue.

"My damned drawbridge was out of order and the portcullis was too rusty to lower," Fidgett Parva muttered unhappily as Earl Egfrith led him into the great hall of Pevensey Castle for a restorative cup of beef tea laced with sack. A slow gleam lighted the fugitive earl's eye, and he spoke more calmly. "Ulric's got Aethelflaed—m'wife, y'recall—as hostage. Ho!"

"He's got my best suit of armor, too," said Sir Athelstan. "I told you weeks and weeks ago to have that drawbridge oiled," he added unkindly.

By nightfall Pevensey Castle was invested by the forces of King Ulric.

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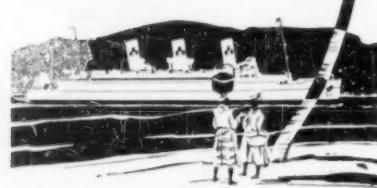
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morning Giles and Professor Petersmith, a short, portly man who would have smoked a large curved pipe if they'd known about tobacco in 1294, leaned over the battlements and stared down at the army of Wessex. Here and there some of the better-heeled barons were supervising the erection of brightly colored tents. The royal pavilion, larger and gaudier than the rest, was busy with the comings and goings of knights, couriers, spies, barons, earls, and necromancers whose advice and opinions were much valued by King Ulric. Squires bent to the polishing of armor, and armorers to the sharpening of swords, lances, halberds, gisarmes, falchions, glaives, spontoons, poinards, pikes, battle axes and dudgeons; fletchers busied themselves with the preparation of arrows, in a welter of glue and feathers, and a field blacksmithy was in full operation.

"There's no question about it," observed Professor Petersmith, waving a negligent hand at the scene below. "We're besieged but good. Do you think Earl Egfrith will surrender?"

Giles shook his head. "Not unless we run out of sherris sack," he answered. "Duck," he added, stooping abruptly to dodge a cloth-yard shaft loosed by one of Ulric's more impetuous bowmen. The arrow sailed harmlessly over their heads.

"Tell me, C. J. M.," Giles resumed, straightening up, "do you think we could work out a way of pumping hot water through pipes under the floors?"

"Duck," commanded Professor Petersmith, suiting the action to the word as another arrow soared over them. "Just offhand, I'd say the idea would bear scrutiny. By the way, I meant to ask—will you be fighting, or are you still in disgrace?"

"I'm being punished," Giles grinned. "They gave me command of the midnight to dawn guard detail."

Except that a certain amount of care and nimbleness was indicated for anyone strolling the battlements, Pevensey Castle besieged was pretty much the same as Pevensey Castle not besieged. Several days went by and but for an occasional flurry of arrows or an exchange of rude remarks, nothing happened.

"I wish Ulric would stop this foolishness and go home," Earl Egfrith complained at dinner on the evening of the fifth day of the siege. "Pass the mead."

"Mind you," said the Earl of Fidgett Parva, passing the mead, "I'm not worried, but, well, Aethelflaede's an impulsive sort of woman who's not afraid to speak her mind."

"Nobody has asked me," Sir Athelstan Bashington, who was seated next to Angela, observed sarcastically, "but I could put an end to this situation in a matter of minutes. However, as I say, nobody's had the brains to ask me."—He leaned back in his chair and smiled lazily at Angela.

"Oh Lord," murmured Giles, who was seated at the other end of the table with Professor Petersmith. "Here comes the old *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* routine."

"Easiest thing in the world," Sir Athelstan continued, aware that he had captured the attention of all those at the high table. "I'll send out a challenge to old Ulric in the morning. Meet him in mortal combat, knock him off, and the siege is over. Simple, what?"

There was a roar of approbation and Giles saw with sickening dismay the lovely features of the Lady Angela blur with fatuous hero-worship. Several of the more impetuous knights sprang to their feet to propose fulsome toasts to Sir Athelstan Bashington, and another group burst into the strains

NEXT ISSUE:

YOUSEF KARSH

**in the fourth of his picture essays on
Canada for Maclean's photographs**

WINNIPEG

**His enquiring camera sees the prairie
hub as a fascinating melting pot of
humanity, a merging of old and new.**

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of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. It was all slightly nauseating.

The formalities began the following day, complete with trumpet blasts from the battlements over the main gates of the castle, an emissary with a white flag, and much elaborate courtesy. Giles and Professor Petersmith, standing in the crowded courtyard, watched with distaste.

"I really think it's time you asserted yourself and took a hand in this business," Professor Petersmith said. "No telling how long these idiots will go on and there's always the chance that Athelstan will lose and Ulric will want to sack the castle. It would mean the end of our heating system, you know."

Grimly Giles remembered the look on Angela's face. She'd actually looked grateful when Athelstan had smirked at her.

"I've been thinking it over," he said. "Meet me at the stables in half an hour."

Ulric of Wessex accepted Athelstan's challenge just before lunch and the mortal combat was set for the next morning, to allow time for laying out the field of battle. A general truce was established for the period of the combat so that the residents of the castle could watch the fight from the battlements, although Earl Egfrith took the precaution of ordering plenty of molten lead to be kept handy, for pouring on heads, just in case. And in the stables, behind barred doors, Sir Giles Fitzjames and Professor Petersmith worked feverishly, assisted only by the second assistant armorer.

Sir Athelstan's squire and body servants began stuffing him into his battle armor next morning right after breakfast. Two hours later the job was completed, by which time Athelstan was able to walk only with the aid of several persons. Only his helm remained to be clamped and bolted into place over his handsome blond head as he was shown and heaved out of his chamber, into the courtyard and under the crane which would hoist him onto his charger.

As he stood there, weaving slightly under the weight of his ironwork, Lady Angela, her wimple awry, dashed from her father's side for one final word with her gallant knight.

"Stan," she whispered, standing on tip-toe to bring her lips close to his ear, "I'm so proud of you. Here. Wear this, for me."

She pressed a gaily colored scarf into Athelstan's gauntleted hand, stretched an extra inch to give him a buttery-swift kiss on the point of his jaw.

Finally, with a good deal of muttered cursing from Sir Athelstan, who was nearly suffocated by the extra layer of straw padding his squire had stuffed inside, the great, bucket-shaped combat helm was fitted into place. The crane

creaked and groaned and Sir Athelstan was lifted slowly into the air where he hung, spinning slowly, like a demented pipeless furnace, while his charger was led under him. The crane creaked again and, with a loud clank, Athelstan was horsed.

The castle trumpeters blew a magnificent flourish and the tabor men ruffled their drums vigorously, and there was a ghastly roaring of rusty chains as the portcullises were raised and the drawbridge was lowered.

"Victory attend thee, Sir Knight, and all that!" shouted Earl Egfrith, forgetting the rest of the traditional formula in the excitement of the moment.

"Mind you don't break my two-handed sword," shouted the Earl of Fidgett Parva.

"A Fidgett Parva! A Fidgett Parva! A Bashington for Fidgett Parva!" Sir Athelstan shouted courteously in return, although his voice could be but faintly heard through the narrow vision slit of his massive heaume.

Then, the sun striking blinding flashes from his gleaming shield and armor, Lady Angela's scarf streaming back upon the morning breeze, Sir Athelstan moved slowly through the great gates of Pevensey Castle. There was a mighty cheer from the courtyard.

From their vantage point atop the West Tower, Sir Giles and Professor Petersmith, who had briefly interrupted their labors in the stables, watched with interest while Sir Athelstan and King Ulric arranged themselves at opposite ends of the field of battle. This took some time since neither contestant could see very well. At length there sounded the single trumpet note which signaled the opening of the combat and the two heavily armored Percherons bearing Ulric and Athelstan began to move ponderously toward the centre of the field.

From a walk, the Percherons heaved themselves into a kind of slow-motion trot and from the trot into a dreadful pounding gallop. The earth trembled beneath their terrible hoofs and the air was filled with the noise of squeaking steel and leather as the two champions charged straight on, like meteors in the heavens.

Then a curious and awful thing took place.

They missed each other. And each astride his thundering charger, borne irresistibly forward by the weight of all his armor, kept going.

There followed two separate tremendous crashes, and a shocked silence.

"Ulric's rammed the tythe barn," said Giles, shielding his eyes from the morning sun.

"And Athelstan's put his lance through the vicarage parlor," observed Professor Petersmith, a curious twisted smile upon his face.

With cold correct courtesy, the partisans of king and castle removed their



unconscious champions from the field, and soon thereafter the armistice was concluded and the siege resumed.

"That straw padding started to tickle and I started to sneeze," Sir Athelstan explained jovially when he recovered his senses. "Couldn't see the beggar for the last fifty yards; went in blind, you might say. Did I kill him?"

"Have another shot of mead," said Earl Egfrith kindly, "do." He coughed tactfully. "Have several shots, boy."

It is not for the historian to judge, but even the most unbiased antiquarian

might question the good taste of Lady Angela Ironbone's reaction to this exchange between Sir Athelstan Bashington and her father. She, in fact, commenced to giggle.

The atmosphere which prevailed for the rest of that day and night in Pevensey Castle can only be described as strained. Nor was the mood of the besieged much improved by the announcement of Gates, the major-domo, that the supply of sherris sack was exhausted. Earl Egfrith took to gnawing the drooping ends of his once fiercely pointed mustaches. And

in the castle stables, by the light of flaring torches, Giles and Professor Petersmith completed their labors just before the dawn broke on the first day of the second week of the siege.

"If you'd care to watch from the battlements," Giles remarked casually to Earl Egfrith at breakfast, "I'm going out and defeat Ulric and his army."

"Was that meant to be funny?" inquired Sir Athelstan Bashington edgily. "Because if it was . . ."

"Er, as a matter of fact," said Earl Egfrith, looking embarrassed,

"old Ulric's offered me quite decent terms, all in all. I'd half a mind to surrender in time for lunch. Old Ulric's not really such a bad type, y'know."

"It takes a smart man to know when he's licked," said Sir Athelstan unpleasantly. "Even a knight can admit defeat with honor. Or hadn't you heard, Fitzjames?"

"Nevertheless," Giles persisted, ignoring Bashington, "give me roughly twenty minutes before you give up the castle. And could you arrange to have the drawbridge down in ten minutes, please?"

"The boy's balmy," muttered the Earl of Fidgett Parva, cracking a soft-boiled egg.

There was only a small crowd in the courtyard of Pevensey Castle when the second assistant armorer, aided by the blacksmith's apprentice, swung wide the stable doors.

"Make wye!" shouted the second assistant armorer in a voice of thunder, "Make wye for t'enjyne of dyoom and deestruction . . . Give wye all!"

Slowly and with infinite majesty, accompanied by the screams of badly greased axles and the groans of straining timbers, there rumbled out of the dark interior of the stables a squat and monstrous wooden tower, painted a gaudy red. Old breastplates and bits of chain mail covered most of its surface, and from an aperture in its conical roof poured billowing black clouds of thick, greasy smoke and occasional showers of sparks.

Children screamed, dogs howled, women fell to their knees in prayer and strong men staggered back, full much affrighted.

With another awful roar of rusty chains, the portcullises were raised and the drawbridge was lowered.

A small hatch in the side of the tower abruptly popped open and Sir Giles Fitzjames leaned out.

"A Fitzjames for Pevensey," he called. "Petersmith sends his regards. Don't wait lunch." With an ominous clank the hatch slammed shut.

Belching smoke and rumbling like a volcano in torment the squat red tower trundled, lurching madly, through the castle gates and over the drawbridge, swerved heavily to avoid running over a hound, and thundered dangerously into the camp of Ulric, King of Wessex.

It is to the credit of the men of Wessex that the panic was not general. Ulric himself managed to rally most of his knights in a cluster at the edge of their camp, and together they watched with horror the maddeningly un hurried movements of the red tower.

It had rammed and crumpled not only the royal pavilion but most of the other tents of the army before Ulric could collect his wits and issue his commands.

"Sir Offa Swan and Sir Leofric Dumble will charge yonder tower and reduce same," barked King Ulric briskly. "Sir Ceowulf Jones to remain in mobile reserve. Move out!"

Long cruel lances leveled, the two knights slammed their helmet visors shut, and urged their splendid mounts into the charge, launching themselves squarely at the slowly moving tower. Like two avalanches, the knights hurtled across the field. The tips of their lances hit the tower almost simultaneously, and splintered together. Seconds later the heavily armored knights crashed into the tower. There was an ear-splitting clang of rending metal and King Ulric blinked.

"For King and country!" bellowed Sir Ceowulf Jones, lowering his lance and raising his shield. And he was off.

"Oof," said King Ulric, wincing involuntarily as Sir Ceowulf hit, sat stock still in his saddle for several

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moments and then, with great dignity, propped to the ground.

"By'r Lady!" howled one of the knights in the rear ranks of those pressed about the King. "The thing is coming this way." There was a great din of vizors dropping shut.

"Now forward for Wessex and Ulric!" shouted the King, raising his mighty two-handed sword and pointing it at the slowly approaching engine of war which, even as he shouted, vomited forth more smoke and sparks.

As was later observed of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, what followed was magnificent, after a fashion, but it was not war. The morning air was made hideous by a noise like ten thousand blacksmiths at work as the knights of Wessex charged and hacked and hewed and swore, and an impenetrable pall of black smoke hung over the scene, hiding it from the awe-struck eyes of those on the battlements of the Castle of Pevensey.

And then, suddenly, it was all over and there was a sickening silence. A light breeze sprang up and the smoke pall drifted away in tatters.

The army of Wessex and its King, Ulric the Unwieldy, lay, to the last man, flat on their backs.

Moving with the awesome deliberation of a planet, the squat red tower was trundling slowly back to the gates of the castle, battered but intact and no longer smoking.

Then there arose from the castle battlements such a glorious cheer as was not to be heard again until the fifteenth Earl announced the relief of Mafeking.

As for Earl Egfrith, he announced the immediate issue of a gallon of mead for everybody, and a banquet, complete with jongleurs, mountebanks and ballette dancers, was scheduled for that same evening.

The courtyard was packed with hysterically happy people, some weeping, many shouting, some fighting joyously, some slightly drunk and a few sober when the squat red tower at last clanked to a halt before the doors of the great hall. The hatch in its side dropped open and there emerged Sir Giles Fitzjames and Prof. C. J. M. Petersmith, both much begrimed with sweat and smoke.

"Splendid, splendid, splendid," Earl Egfrith was boozing. "Damned good show, that. Wasn't it a good show, Fidgett Parva, eh?"

"Fancy killing all those chaps, by gad! Go down in the chronicles, not a doubt in the world about it," replied the Earl of Fidgett Parva, who was not a man to hold a grudge, even if Sir Giles had bested his son.

"Who said anything about killing people?" demanded Giles, who had been refreshing himself from a bowl of cool clear water. "None of those beggars is dead, for Pete's sake . . . just knocked silly, that's all. And they can't get back on their feet because their armor's too heavy. Silly blighters."

"You mean . . . ?" Earl Egfrith's eyes were bulging.

"Have somebody go out and get King Ulric back on his feet," Sir Giles commanded, and all those near heard a new confidence in his voice and saw a brighter sparkle in his eyes. "Leave the rest of his people on their backs, though. Bring old Ulric in here and tell him to sue for peace. As simple as that."

"All the same, I still say it's no way for a gentleman to fight," said Sir Athelstan Bashington sourly. "East Anglia's gone to hell." He bit a fingernail moodily. "I think I'll go questin' someplace. Go somewhere or other where breedin' and good manners still count."

"But Giles, darling," breathed Angela that evening at dinner in the great hall of the castle, "where on earth did you ever get such a madly brilliant idea . . . I mean just too madly brilliant?"

"Petersmith and I were checking up on the heating systems the Romans used," Giles said modestly, paring an apple, "and we found a reference to a battering ram on wheels, so we thought that perhaps the hay wagon might do, you know, if we knocked out the bed and put the horses inside, and maybe added a pot of burning pitch . . . I

say, Angie, are you following me?"

"Oh, Giles . . ." said the Lady Angela in a small quivery voice. "How can you ever forgive me . . . I mean, about Athelstan Bashington and what I said about you not jousting, and all?"

"Tut," replied Sir Giles Fitzjames magnanimously, "tut, tut, tut, little girl." Delicately he sliced his apple in two, and gently he handed Angela a half of the fruit. "Take it," he said softly. "Petersmith says they're good for the complexion."

"Make a fine lookin' couple, eh, Fidgett Parva?" asked Earl Egfrith,

glowing with good cheer and several glasses of sherris sack from a firkin which Gates, the major-domo, had foraged from Ulric's battle stores.

"Perhaps," sighed the Earl of Fidgett Parva, looking a trifle envious, "perhaps, in raising Athelstan, we took too strong a line. My wife . . ." Fidgett Parva looked startled. "By'r Lady, Pevensey! I'd clean forgotten about Aethelflaede!"

". . . any other cleric but the Bishop of Bath, darling," Sir Giles Fitzjames was murmuring to the Lady Angela. "Just name the date . . ." ★

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No More Office Parties

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

cracked and hollered: "You won't have to have anyone scratch your back now, boss." Thirty-six people would all burst out laughing hysterically, and suddenly stop as if they'd been garroted as they got the full implication of the remark, and the boss would smile with the bottom part of his face and wonder just what the little twirl did mean, and make a mental note to ask him some rainy Monday morning.

But my wife's ideas were formed from looking at the group pictures they always had taken. The photographer managed, every year, to squeeze his bulb just as I'd fallen over someone, or when I was smiling with my eyes closed as if I were coming out of ether, or when I was looking up at some tall girl who had just apologized for knocking my glasses off with her purse. One year he arranged a blonde lying on her side in front of the group and got me with my head just showing over her, like a lion startled in the act of dragging off a hartbeest. I don't know how he managed it, unless there was a hole in the floor behind her. But I've got dozens of pictures at home to prove such things can be done.

Shortly afterward, my wife would phone to make sure I didn't forget the Christmas-tree bulbs, just as, in a hysterical attempt to make the party a bit the way office parties were supposed to be like, someone old enough to be my mother would throw her arms around me and knock over a vase of marigolds, which sounded just like a quart of rye, and I'd suddenly be listening to the buzz of the receiver and worrying about it until I got home and started pacing up and down the kitchen waving the bag of Christmas-tree bulbs and hollering, "Okay, OKAY! So there were women there. You think I work in a gymnasium? They were just the women that work in the office."

"Does that Sandra job with the long hair work in the office?" my wife would ask, banging down a Christmas cake she'd just taken from the oven.

"That's different. She's a model. She does a lot of work for us."

"And I suppose I don't do a lot of work for you," my wife would say.

"Not the same kind of work," I'd holler, and bite my lower lip.

The trouble with these parties, of course, was the same thing that's the trouble with all office parties. An office staff is a group of strangers loosely held together by mutual chores, pink requisitions and a pension plan. Take these things away and there's nothing left but a vague sense of embarrassment, something the same as a boy feels when he watches his father arrive at a school concert with a button missing, or even without a button missing. And it doesn't help to make little jokes about supper money, overtime and expense accounts.

But at least at this kind of party I'd go home at a reasonable hour smelling innocently of caraway seeds. The parties I'm happiest about missing are the ones that, instead of having as their focal point angel cake and little gifts, centre around an improvised bar with good old Archie just in from the Montreal office setting them up hilariously as fast as the orders come in—or faster. The idea of this type of party is that once a year everyone in the office is just to relax and get to know one another.

If there's one thing I don't want to do again it's just relax and get to know a bunch of people I have to see again the day after tomorrow, and work with the rest of the year. If I relax I want to

do it in a boat in July holding a line in one hand and a glass of beer in the other, with nobody in sight but a couple of small-mouthed black bass and some guy I've known since I was about five.

There's a certain formality in business relationships that, on the whole, works out rather well. Start to do away with it and it's like a motorist deciding to do away with traffic lights.

I worked with a Toronto salesman for years, a big heavy fellow. I'll always remember him sitting at his desk with his hat and overcoat on, looking out over Adelaide Street like a swami. Then, once a year at the Christmas party, as soon as he got relaxed enough, he'd herd me against a filing cabinet



MACLEAN'S

"Isn't that Dr. Burchardt, the plastic surgeon?"

and ask me in a soft Irish brogue what was the matter with me.

Any other time of the year I'd talk to him perhaps twice a week on subjects no more personal than a copy of a letter to Porquis Junction.

"There's that letter I told you about," I'd say.

"Thanks. I'll look after that." He'd blink at me. "How's things?"

"Fine. Not bad at all," I'd say, and ankle off, dimly aware that there, at least, was one uncomplicated friendship.

But once a year at the office Christmas party he'd back me up and explain frankly that I didn't fool him, and that he knew I was human underneath but "honest, now, just between you and me, what's the matter with you?"

"Uh, just how do you mean, like?" I'd say, checking an impulse to feel to see if there was another head growing out of the back of my neck.

"Now, look, don't get me wrong," he'd say, leaning closer and beginning to spill rye and water down into my pen-and-pencil set. "I'm always sticking up for you."

"You are?"

"But, I'm warning you," he'd say, regarding me mysteriously for a moment—"look out for George."

George would be someone like the stock-room assistant—a quiet balding man with a blue beard, asthma, myopia and four fine boys—and the news would leave me feeling that you couldn't believe in anything.

"Jes' how do you mean?" I'd ask, taking a long pull from my own paper cup.

He'd tell me. Evidently, without knowing it, I'd been involved in more intrigues, feuds and politics than a South American election and for days my hackles would stand on end every time I had to walk within ten feet of old George, who was probably thinking of nothing more sinister than getting some petunias planted in that bare spot down by the garage.

Everyone knows that there are a lot of feuds and undercurrents in any office. But there is a lot of underwear,

too: people just don't go walking around in them. Normally, office workers no matter what private feelings they're concealing, go on smiling at one another, saying "please" and "thank you" and occasionally going out for coffee together. And it works out fairly well. It's hypocritical, perhaps, but so is saying "Sorry, officer" to a traffic cop who chews you out instead of hitting him over the head with a tire iron. It's only when we become fiercely frank and honest that things start falling apart.

I knew one quiet little customs clerk who, every year, as soon as he got relaxed enough, stood up, smiled, took off his coat, carefully folded it, as if he were going for a swim, walked over to the boss, swayed and said, "I want to put you straight on a few things," wound up his Sunday punch and had to be suddenly sat on by six heavy salesmen, while the boss tried to look as if this sort of thing happened every day.

A lot of the trouble, of course, is that throughout the year, the only use some office workers make of a bottle is to enamel little flowers on it and use it for a desk lamp. But at Christmas they suddenly find themselves matching drinks with big Sam, the western Ontario and Chicago representative who has been drinking in hotel bedrooms for so long that all it does is make his voice deeper and give him an appetite. Little Miss Twig, who for fifteen years has spent her days supervising the stenographic department, and her evenings organizing Brownie picnics, takes off her glasses and decides that, after all, just once a year - well, she'll just try a little bit from that square bottle. She suddenly experiences something halfway between the time at a benefit performance she stood close enough to Clark Gable to almost touch him, and being hauled to heaven in a

purple chariot. She laughs, holds her glass out for a refill, smiling at a spot about six inches out from her glass, and anything can happen. It's pretty grim; but not nearly as grim as on Monday morning when she finds herself looking at her typewriter cover, her vase of geraniums, and her memories.

One time at an office party in a suite of rooms at a hotel I spent an hour and a half walking up and down between the piano and a steam radiator, talking in brisk no-nonsense tones to a scholarly-looking office boy named Hank who, earlier in the party, had been dancing with all the women with a chivalrous disregard for age. Nobody paid any attention to him until he began waltzing about six inches off the floor like a sentimental Cossack, then sat down, smiled vaguely and passed out, at which point everybody disappeared, leaving me holding Hank. He proved to be one of those deceptive people who weigh slightly less than a piano.

I was still holding him when the boss, two visiting vice-presidents and a comptroller who had been drinking straight water all night, came into the room for their coats. They all stopped dead just as Hank roused himself, moaned, "Why did you make me drink it?", and did the splits, pulling me over the piano stool.

But by far the worst things about office parties are taking place in the homes of wives who aren't there. I've heard a lot of guys start explaining to their wives right after Christmas why wives weren't invited to the party, and I've seen them still at it well into July.

The office party is the only legal affair I can think of involving men and women where wives aren't allowed, except an operation. The thing to do is not to decide who should be invited to them, but to stop having them.

And, speaking for myself, I have. ★

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



MACLEAN'S

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King of the Crazy Marathons

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

fruit juice, cereal with milk, six slices of bacon and three eggs and a couple of cups of coffee. Most mornings he'd have two breakfasts. Elmer Ferguson, Montreal sports columnist, reported incredulously one time that Peden had eaten two steaks, twelve lamb chops and an apple pie with ice cream during one meal in the middle of a race.

Peden recalled not long ago that he'd once ridden a race in Toronto which he had entered with an upset stomach. "I had no yen for food," he remembered, "so I drank three or four quarts of milk two or three times a day, each quart with egg yolks. Of course, I had an occasional steak and I'd eat six or seven tablespoons of sugar to sort of augment my diet." As an experiment another time he ate no cooked meat, vegetables or fruit through an entire race, taking only raw beef, milk, honey and sugar. "Seemed to get more energy that way," he reported.

When the riders were working—that is, riding—they wore brightly colored short-sleeved jerseys, short pants and they had their feet strapped to the pedals. Each partner caught about two and a half hours sleep during a quiet period from four a.m. to ten a.m. when the arenas were closed down, ostensibly so the cleaners could sweep out wayward husbands, peanut shells and other debris. But through the other eighteen hours of the day the arena owned an atmosphere all its own, particularly during jams and sprints. The riders would be going along at a good steady clip when one of them, usually Peden if there were a big crowd in the arena, would suddenly dart out from the pack and pick up half a lap before the others were aware of it.

Instantly, the arena became a bedlam. Down in the middle of the oval—in the flat, or infield—the relief riders would tumble out of their bunks and onto the bikes. The men on the track would be going at whirlwind speed and the relief teams would start on the flat, picking up speed until they were going at top flight. They'd relieve their partners then, picking them up on the fly and touching them off. All the while Peden and his partner, often blond little Jules Audy, of Montreal, and in the latter days his big black-haired brother, Doug, would be striving desperately to lap the field. The jam might end with the lap being won, or it might be followed by another theft attempt by a rider endeavoring to utilize the letdown from the jam.

This was one of Peden's favorite tricks and it made him unpopular with the rest of the riders. While they were gasping for breath at the end of a sprint he'd drive his monstrous legs (at twenty-five inches, his thighs were a good four inches thicker than a model's waist, though not as pretty) down on the pedals to try to capitalize on the weariness of the others.

When the sprint finally ended the pace would settle down to a steady beat again but even in these comparatively dull periods Peden, with his spiky red hair and a big toothy grin, remained spectacularly conspicuous. He was something of a clown. He'd garb himself in pink corsets or other paraphernalia from a large and droll collection and he'd ride high on the track, snatching hats from railbirds or flipping peanuts into the crowd. Through the evenings when the crowds were largest, the smoky heat of the arena, the figurines of untidy hot-dog stands decked with flags, the white-coated hawkers straggling slowly up

and down the aisles, the now-drowsing now-screaming spectators, the throbbing beat of jazz bands and the steady drone of the humming tires which during sprints would climb to a shrill whine created a strange, unreal and individual overtone that belonged only to the six-day circuses.

When the stands were packed the riders worked themselves close to exhaustion to try to gain points for stealing a lap on the field but between four a.m. and ten a.m. they barely kept moving. There was an unwritten agreement that nobody would start a fuss. Peden recalled not long ago an incident involving a rider who got drunk and began wheeling furiously at seven in the morning.

"He lapped the field fifty times if he lapped it once," Torchy grinned in recollection. "Boy, he was roaring around there like a mountain goat, flying past everybody. In fact, he was flying, period. But the judge had gone to breakfast or was busy playing solitaire and the guy was never credited with points that would have won him five races."

Spectators frequently added zest to the whirls by offering anywhere from twenty-five dollars to a hundred dollars for lap prizes, meaning for the team that could steal a lap on the field. Frequently, with such a windfall in sight, friendship ceased, but sometimes, Peden recalls, enmity ceased too. Three teams, say, would agree before the race that they'd split any money won by any of them. Then, when a lap prize was up for grabs, two of the riders would protect the leading rider, swaying in front of pursuers and not letting them challenge their rider until he had seized up the award.

Combines, Peden believes, contributed largely to the demise of six-day races. Laxity by promoters permitted the riders to take over, form their combines, fight over partners and ride their undisciplined path to oblivion. Torchy insists he was never a party to the combines and that other riders resented his independence and formed combines of their own designed solely to keep him from winning. Elwood Hughes, former general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition and then managing director of the Mutual Arena in Toronto that housed many of the derbies, is among those who believe him. "If Peden was in it, it was honest," Hughes says.

Before the combines began to dominate the races none of the endurance orgies of the era was so spectacular as the final hour of a six-day marathon. Then the whole build-up of a week's riding was concentrated into the last desperate sixty minutes when the stragglers put on the power, often drug-induced, to try to overtake the leaders, sticking close to the curves or riding high on the rim and swooping down at the turns, cutting through openings so narrow that the packed thousands in the smoky noisy arena could scarcely see them. And it was then that the colorful spinning ribbon of riders was most apt to produce spills and numbing injury.

"There was a race in Montreal in which Lew Elder, of Toronto, seemed to be a cinch winner," Peden recalls. "He was striving to hold a lead and he went too high on one of the turns. I was right on his tail and I barely missed his rear wheel as he clipped the top rail and was thrown high over the embankment." Elder, whose speed must have been close to fifty miles an hour, crashed against the mezzanine where a two-by-four completely scalped him. He crumpled to the floor. In hospital it was found that he had three separate skull fractures and a displaced vertebra.

REVELRY IN REVERSE



(The Day After Christmas)

In listless sloth, let's now invite
The ease which follows fun and folly,
Deliberately shun the sight
Of wreaths and scarlet-fruited holly;

Oh, let's be excellently dull
Lapped all about by solitude,
Awash within a wordless lull
Acceptable with gratitude
For nerves exhausted, vigor spent . . .
Oh let's be comfortably weary,
And wipe the mask of merriment
From features wan with keeping cheery.

Yet, when another year has whirled
The months away to this gay season,
Bright flags of joy will be unfurled
Without a touch or taint of treason!

PATIENCE EDEN

Another time, in Buffalo, Peden's partner, Norman Hill, of San Jose, Calif., went crashing into a two-by-six beam. The impact bounced the beam twenty feet as Hill lay where he'd struck it. Attendants started to lift him but he insisted they place him on a board, fearing he had a serious back injury. No board could be found so a twenty-foot dining table was sawed down to size and Hill was moved on it. His insistence probably prevented him from becoming a cripple. Examination proved he had cracked a vertebra.

Torchy was singularly fortunate in avoiding serious injury. "A few broken ribs, a broken collarbone, a few small bones in my hands and feet and that's about all," he observed seriously. "Oh, yeah, I lost a lot of teeth."

For the hard-riding, breath-sapping periods when the crowds were thickest, many a weary rider resorted to stimulants to jack up his energy. "We'd condition our stomachs with a little strychnine three or four days before the race so that we could take the stronger stuff during it," a former Toronto rider related not long ago. "We never got into heavy drugs, like heroin, for example; just mild stuff like caffeine to stimulate the heart."

Some of the European riders placed drops of ether on a lump of sugar and other riders always knew when they'd done it because they could catch whiffs of the ether as they whirled past the pit. Older riders sometimes dropped tablets of stimulant into the coffee cups of their unsuspecting rookie partners and the youngsters would find themselves whirling around the track on a cloud.

"Rivalries developed the same way they do in hockey," Torchay remarked recently. "A man would cut in on you, or block you, or interfere as you tried to pass and you were ready to slug him. You often did."

Peden and Piet van Kempen, an outstanding Dutch rider, were such rivals and delighted in beating each other. Until Peden's thirty-eight victories set an all-time record the top score had been Van Kempen's thirty-five.

In Montreal one time Van Kempen riled Peden by blocking him. As

Torchy went high to pass, Van Kempen went high in front of him. Peden came down to go by and the Dutchman prevented it by moving low on the track, too.

"Try that again," Peden shouted, "and I'll knock you down."

Once more Torchay tried to pass and Van Kempen again blocked him.

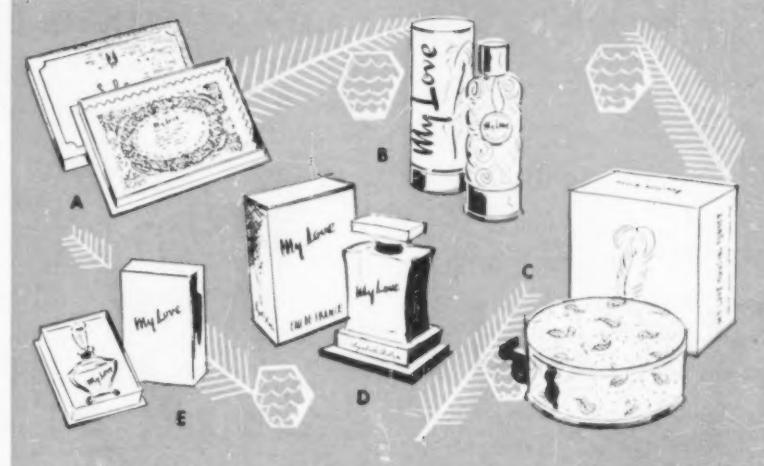
"So I bluffed him high and went low and when I pulled past him I belted him a terrific wallop in the stomach with my elbow," Peden recalls with some relish.

The blow from two-hundred-and-twenty-pound Peden knocked Van Kempen off the track into the infield and he landed on his neck and shoulders, still on his bicycle, with his feet and the bike high in the air.

"From then on," Peden remembered, "we just raced."

This strange test of endurance originated with a twelve-hour contest in England in 1875. The riders teetered on high front-wheel bicycles. By 1878 the sport reached the United States, roller-skating rinks being used for tracks. The first banked track was built in Springfield, Ill., by Tom Eck, who also staged the first continuous one-hundred-and-forty-two-hour race, at Minneapolis. Riders competed as individuals during the early years, their backers prodding them with pins to keep them awake. This, coupled with the constant smashups that resulted from riding on a flat floor in a square room on unreliable tires left most riders crippled by the end of the week. In 1898 a law was passed in New York forbidding any single racer to ride more than twelve hours in any twenty-four.

The sport might have died then had not one Ed (On-the-Spot) Spooner, a publicity man for a bike manufacturing firm, conceived the idea that the grind be raced by teams. His suggestion was tried in 1899 and it worked. By 1925 a gruff bald bespectacled promoter named John Chapman, a partner of Tex Rickard's in Madison Square Garden, had turned the marathons into big-money attractions in New York and had promoted them successfully in Chicago and Cleveland. A former rider named Willie Spencer

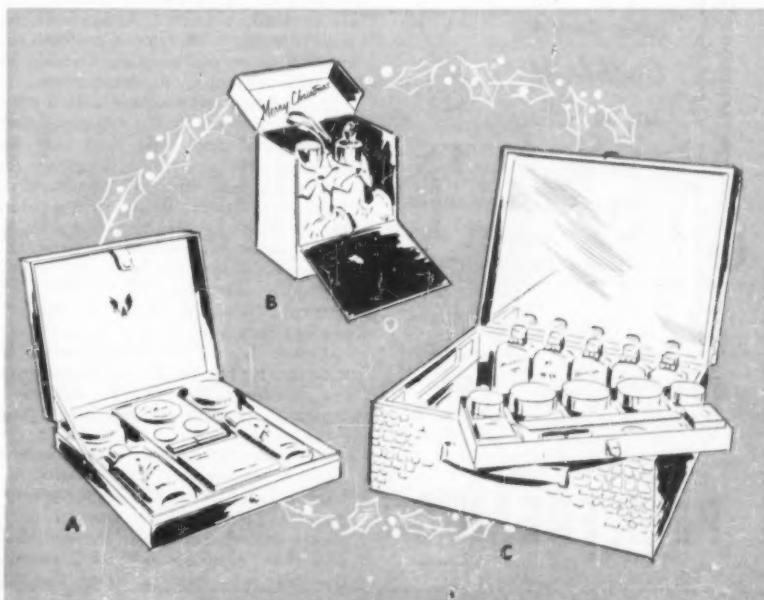


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GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



"Amazing specimen!"

who'd been second at the Olympics. In Glasgow I established a new twenty-five-mile record for Scotland of one hour, four minutes and twenty-five seconds."

Being still an amateur, Peden couldn't take money on these junkets. Sponsors paid his expenses and he saved money by traveling third class on a first-class allowance. Occasionally he cabled home for funds. Just before he turned pro in the fall of 1929 he set four Canadian records in a single meet in Montreal: the half-mile, mile, two miles and five miles.

He rode his first race as a professional in Montreal with Bill (King) Coles as his partner and they finished second. That was in October 1929 and, for the next nine years, he rode all over the United States and eastern Canada and made frequent trips to Europe. In a Paris race he was paid off in twenty-three hundred five-franc coins.

"I should have been in a Brink's truck," he grinned in recollection. "The coins were roughly the size of a half-dollar and I had them in every pocket of my coat, vest and pants. I even had them in a shoe box under my arm."

Torchy generally needed a shoe box to carry away the bills from Madison Square Garden, too. He never came out of there with less than a two-thousand-dollar profit for his week of huffing and puffing and pushing his two Douglas firs firmly down on the pedals.

The six-day fad had faded by 1938 when the Peden brothers won the second-last big race in New York, only brothers ever to click in that strange profession. The business was given a last chance during the World's Fair in 1939 but it folded faster than a dancer's fan. The demise was even swifter in Canada where the riders were paid off in IOUs by promoter Spencer after a Montreal race in the spring of 1934. They were never redeemed.

"The Forum felt sorry for us," Max Hurley, a Toronto rider, related one time. "They gave us twenty-five dollars each or we'd have had nothing."

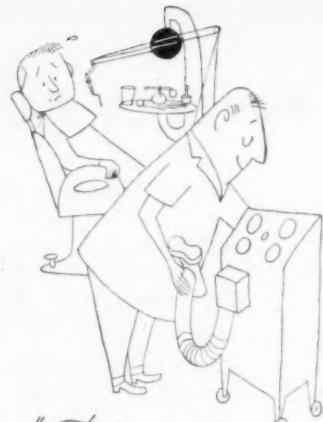
But Peden had kept an eye on his future. In the good days he'd sent money to his father regularly and it was invested in dividend-bearing bonds. He enlisted in the RCAF in 1942 and served as a physical training instructor at Trenton and Edmonton.

In 1945 he returned to Chicago to see a girl who'd asked him for his autograph in the Chicago Stadium nearly ten years before and whom he'd subsequently seen frequently. She was Annamae Jensen, an Iowa girl. They were married when the war ended and Torchy became a swimming instructor at the Central YMCA in Chicago.

In 1949 he tried to revive the six-day whirls in New England, but costs were too great and public interest too small. He promoted stock-car races for two summers, then a year ago he accepted an offer from the Canada Cycle and Motor Company to become a salesman in the midwestern U. S.

There's a long sidewalk in front of a tree-lined frame house in Clear Lake, Iowa, where Torchy lives today. More often than not you can see a six-year-old boy spinning across the concrete on a junior-size two-wheeler. His name is William John Peden II.

"Pretty good rider, too," Torch grinned not long ago, his blue eyes twinkling under hair still red and spiky. Then he added reflectively, "The other night I was looking at television and you should have heard the people screaming. They were watching another sport that has been buried a long time. Wrestling. You never know, do you? You just never know." ★



FIND IT HARD to relax in the dentist's chair? Then you'll be glad to know that the dentist's drill now has a rival — a new device which "drills" teeth by means of a fine spray of aluminum oxide powder. They say the new technique takes the "ouch!" out of having a tooth fixed.

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ENGLISH

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

eighty-four years this congress has striven to establish trade unionism as an essential part of our democratic and industrial life. We have won that fight."

He pauses and looks at the huge gathering which includes right, middle, left and extreme left members. "There are today," he says, "some people who prefer the comparative ease of propaganda days to the exacting strain of responsibility. Others who are evidently unable or unwilling to exercise a social conscience prefer to seek narrow and selfish ends. There is a tendency to make wage demands and to ignore the contribution demanded of us if the nation, of which we are a part, is to be strong, virile and a force for human good."

There are mutterings and growls from various sections of the hall. The great majority are obviously with Deakin, for there is no one more sound than a good British workman, but to the extreme leftists the words sound like blasphemy. To them there is only one loyalty—to the workers. What is all this blathering nonsense about responsibility to the nation? Deakin is no better than a "blasphemous" Tory.

On the whole I returned to London with the curious feeling that I had been at a conference of right-wing Conservatives. The Westminster Bank sized it up correctly when a sign to this effect was posted in the conference hall:—

The Westminster Bank has opened a temporary office here in the Winter Garden and will cash cheques on any bank on the production of a delegate's credentials.

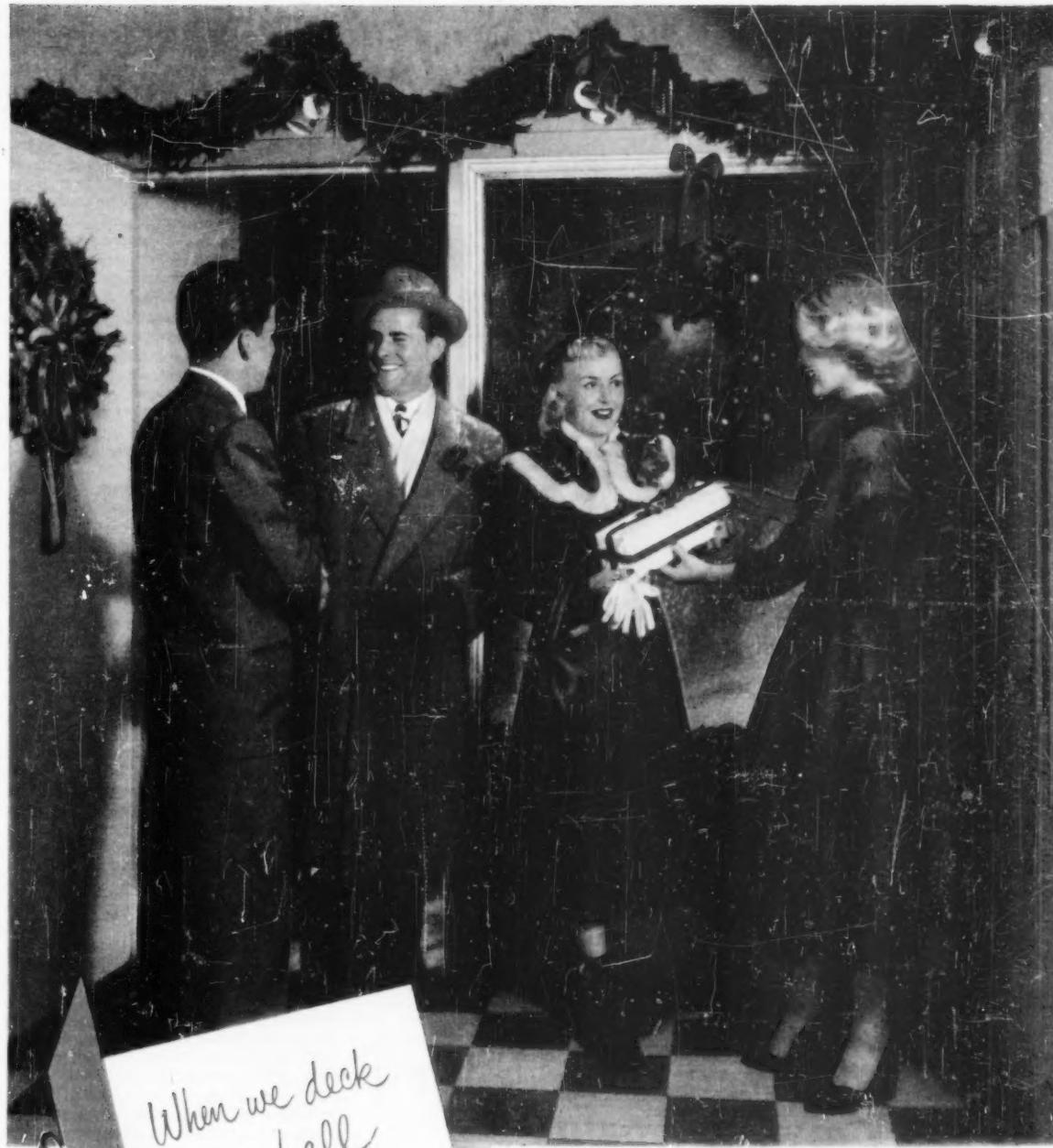
AI at Lloyds! The British trade-union movement has traveled a long way since the days of the Tolpuddle martyrs.

But what was going to happen at Morecambe in Yorkshire? There we would have the massed forces of the left with delegates not only from the trade unions but from every parliamentary constituency in Britain. Would Morecambe set the seal on Margate and declare that responsibility to the state must take precedence over all sectional considerations?

The huge dimly lit Winter Garden of Morecambe was packed almost to the chandeliers. From my seat in the top gallery I could just discern Attlee doodling with a pencil, Herbert Morrison with his cockatoo hairdo as defiant as ever, Aneurin Bevan like Vesuvius in a state of suspicious repose, Hugh Dalton with his great dome of a head casting a much-needed illumination on the scene, and Emanuel Shinwell looking like a lost cause in need of a prophet.

It was Monday morning and during the day the parliamentary constituency delegates (the trade unionists take no part in this) would be voting for the seven vacant places on the National Executive. This was the secret drama that over-rode everything else. The Bevanites were running six candidates, including the great man himself. How would they fare against the candidates of the official Attlee-Morrison loyalists?

In such an atmosphere of supercharged tension it was inevitable that Monday's meeting would produce some furious scenes. The biggest one came when a resolution was moved from the floor by a group of party delegates, that in order to bring down the Conservative Government the trade unions should not hesitate to use the weapon which had brought them to their present power.



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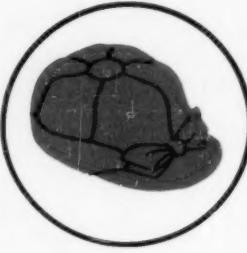


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No sooner was it moved than we almost felt the presence of a ghost in the misty vastness of the hall—the ghost of the General Strike in 1926. In that terrible year one section of the community challenged the community itself—and was defeated by the community. The trade unions had much justice on their side but when they tried to bring the life of the nation to a standstill to enforce their claims the people rose up and declared their will. It was the greatest disaster in the history of the movement.

Yet here at Morecambe were wild men of the left demanding that if a Conservative government was democratically elected by the people, the trade unions should be prepared to threaten a general strike. When they had finished putting their case a burly figure of a man mounted the rostrum and said: "My name is Arthur Deakin."

They had cheered this great leader at Margate but this time he was greeted with catcalls and boos. Obviously angry he made the tactical but understandable mistake of shouting into the microphone: "You only listen to me when you come for money!"

This, of course, was sheer atomic warfare. Here was the Big Man of the rich trade unions taunting the Labour Party with its poverty. For nearly five minutes the din prevented him from saying anything more. But when at last he secured silence he showed no signs of amiability. "Do you want to go back to 1926?" he barked. Then he squared his shoulders and let the Labour Party have it right on the chin. "This conference has no right and no power to pass a resolution which would bind the trade unions to any line of action. If you did, we would defy you!"

The roof of the Winter Garden will never be nearer going to heaven than it was at that moment. Here in conference were the two wings of the socialist cause in solemn conclave, and here was the leader of one of the wings declaring that the conference could go to blazes as far as he was concerned. And with hordes of journalists there from all parts of the world! It just wasn't decent. It wasn't gentlemanly. It wasn't the way one comrade should behave to other comrades.

When Arthur Deakin had finished, up stepped the homely, likeable trade-union leader, Sir William Lawther. He was loudly applauded, as it was felt that he would pour oil on the very troubled waters. He had hardly started, however, when a comrade shouted a question at him.

"Shut your gob!" said Sir William.

Let us ring down the curtain on the scene. It is not pleasant to see men knocked helplessly against the ropes even if your sympathies are with the man who threw the punch.

Tuesday morning... and we gather to hear the fateful news of the elections to the National Executive. Now we would see the real strength of the Bevanites, and whether his rebel movement was real or just a passing phenomenon of well-timed exhibitionism. The nice little chairman rose and said that he would announce the names of the successful candidates according to the votes they had received. Incidentally the system is that the delegates of each constituency association vote on behalf of those who voted Labour in their territories in the last election. This swells the total and looks more impressive. Needless to say the delegate has been instructed by the officers of his association how he is to vote. (I apologize to the chairman for keeping him waiting but I thought you should know how it is done).

There is a hush over the great

auditorium. The chairman reads out the name of the man who came top of the poll: Aneurin Bevan! Not even the organized cheering of a Chicago convention could have exceeded the noise which greeted the announcement.

Second: Barbara Castle, MP. Pretty thin-lipped Barbara is Bevan's principal lieutenant. Her face flushed scarlet at the cheers which engulfed her.

Tom Driberg, MP, was third. This melancholy left-wing intellectual was a society columnist on the Daily Express when I was its editor. Now he is a Bevanite.

Harold Wilson, MP—fourth. This greying juvenile was president of the Board of Trade in the last Labour Government but resigned with Bevan when the latter decided to leave the sinking ship.

Jim Griffiths, MP—fifth. An eloquent ex-miner with a genius for sticking to the middle of the road. Neither an Attleeite nor a Bevanite, he is a compromise in himself. He was the only candidate to be returned that day who was not a Bevanite.

Ian Mikardo, MP, who used to advise capitalist firms on income tax, and Richard Crossman, MP, the former university don who took the road to the left, completed the Bevan sweep. There had been seven vacancies to be filled. Bevan ran six candidates, including himself, and all six won.

Among the defeated was Herbert Morrison, deputy prime minister in Attlee's Government and supreme architect of the great Labour victory in 1945. Another prominent figure to bite the dust was Hugh Dalton, the former chancellor of the exchequer. Clement Attlee, as leader of the party, had drunk the cup of humiliation to the last drop.

When I walked to my hotel after the meeting the tide was out... far, far out. Half a dozen sailing boats were lying helplessly on their sides. And I thought of the marooned socialist leaders waiting for the tide that may never return.

What will come out of all this? It is impossible for the socialists to say any longer that it is no more than a healthy difference of opinion. It is a feud to the death.

Attlee may hang on for a few months but he is doomed. He failed to destroy the rebels and he failed to come to terms with them. All the doodling in the world cannot obliterate that double failure. My guess is that Attlee will seek sanctuary in the House of Lords before the next election.

Then will Bevan succeed him? No. Bevan committed the unforgiveable sin of rebelling in the open. Another reason that he will not be chosen is the recognized fact that, although he is not a Communist, he is supported by the Communists. In the present mood of the country that would lose any election for a party led by him. Nothing but an electoral disaster could bring Bevan to the leadership.

My guess is that Herbert Morrison or Jim Griffiths, the middle man, will succeed to the throne.

As for the trade unions they will move farther and farther toward the right. They will not desert the Labour Party but it may become a marriage in name only.

Aneurin Bevan has sentenced his party to a long, long exile on the shore waiting for the tide to return. ★

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The Inspired Doodles of Norman McLaren

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

tune," he explained to McLean, "Listen To The Mocking Bird, as played by an old-time fiddler near Ottawa." McLean watched the screen fill with lines and splashes of color in infinite variety. They came together, split apart, changed, shook and shimmied in perfect time to the somewhat strident fiddling. "Well!" McLean said, taking a breath, "I doubt if the Film Board can use that kind of film."

Other McLaren movies have a dreamlike reality. In Little Phantasy, he brings a nineteenth century painting, Isle of the Dead, by Boecklin, into suggestive, eerie life. In Poulette Grise, he illustrates the Canadien folk-song verses about the little hen that changes color and nests on the moon, the clouds, the branches of trees. In C'est L'Aviron, the viewer has the illusion he is a passenger in a canoe gliding in a dream down some great Canadian river.

Does the government know what it's doing? Some say no. Others say it's the taxpayers who are ignorant. Two years ago during a showing for a convention of the Ontario Registered Music Teachers' Association in Toronto, one delegate jumped to his feet, shook his fist and shouted: "What does the National Film Board mean, spending public money on such futuristic nonsense?"

Few taxpayers or government members realize they're an investment in McLaren. He avoids the limelight. Publicity, he says, makes him uncomfortable. Yet year after year he goes on passing out dividends: an average of one international film award a year since the end of the war.

Film awards may seem like a strange return on good tax dollars, but Canada, like every other nation, spends millions each year for favorable publicity abroad. And with each new film, this publicity-shy artist piles up more favorable publicity than a press attaché does in a year's work.

Last year, at the Berlin film festival, a crowd of seven thousand watched a succession of foreign films flit across a huge outdoor screen. Then, reported German critic Hans Wilfert, "There was a sensation. The reason was the Canadian film Begone Dull Care. Some hotheads in the audience, whose dull-

ness the film was not able to banish, reacted with whistling, but this caused the majority of the mostly young audience to increase their applause." "Again and again," said Die Neue Zeitung, "enthusiastic applause accompanied the little technical wonder of this film."

"Outside of the country," writes the Toronto Globe and Mail drama critic, Herbert Whittaker, "McLaren has the only name now connected with motion pictures in Canada that means anything." Maurice Crompton, head of sales for the Film Board, cashed in on this last year when he toured France, Belgium, Holland and Germany drumming up commercial business.

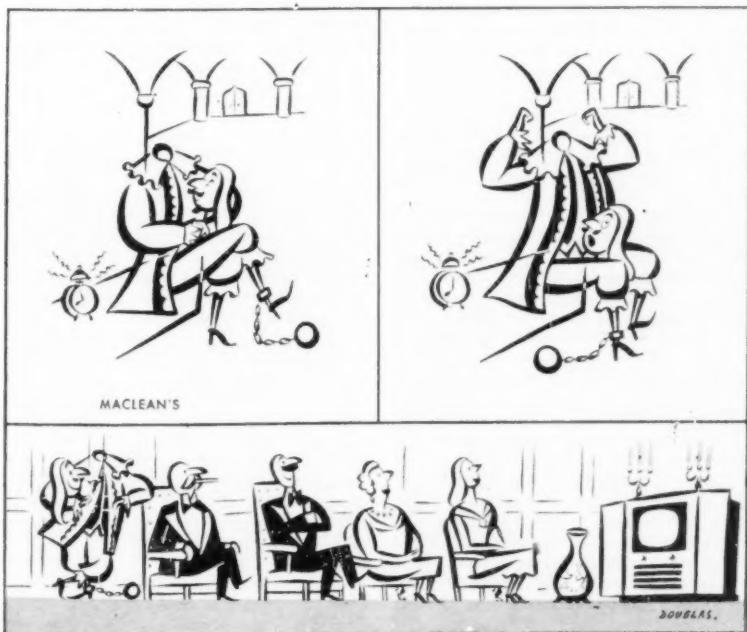
"When I told distributors I represented the National Film Board," Crompton says, "a vague look came into their eyes. But as soon as I mentioned Norman McLaren they brightened up and from then on I was off to the races."

Another point of view was expressed last year by an English critic who wrote: "Any government tolerant enough to encourage this (McLaren's) kind of abstract art is surely one to be trusted." For many Europeans, McLaren's films are the only visible evidence that Canada is a cultured nation, one to be respected for more than its fortunate standard of living.

McLaren shows little interest in any of this. All his interests—and they are fairly wide—are funneled into his work. Between films he will sometimes sit at his drawing board staring dreamily into space; then no one can get a sensible answer out of him. But at the moment of creation his powers of concentration are legendary. Meal hours vanish. He works till his eyes are rimmed with red. For two weeks he will work every waking moment, finishing an entire film in one vast outpouring of creative energy.

If success is the acclaim of people in your own line all over the world then McLaren, by 1950, ranked with photographer Yousuf Karsh as the most successful Canadian artists alive. But when film producer Lester Cowan asked McLaren to come to Hollywood to direct the animation for One Touch of Venus, later a box-office hit, he refused. He turns down the social invitations that he rates because of his reputation. He has given up a position of authority in the Film Board: director of the animation division. He just isn't interested in position, authority, money or Hollywood.

His natural habitat is a place called



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**LA PROVINCE DE
Québec**

John Street, the name by which the boys in the trade know the old Ottawa River sawmill that houses the Film Board's production staff. From the outside, particularly looking across from the palatial French Embassy next door, it's a two-story, faded redbrick eyesore. Inside, it's a honeycomb of corridors and from the rows of little rooms opening off them come the smell of chemicals, sudden bursts of music, the whirr of machinery, enthusiastic conversation.

McLaren takes the John Street corridors at a pace midway between a walk and a run, his boyish body bent eagerly forward, his eyes abstracted behind his thick-lensed glasses. Curly dark brown hair is usually creeping down over his collar. His brilliant socks are sometimes mismatched. He is liable to show up for work, as he did one recent morning, in a red, blue and white sweater with brown pants and a green jacket.

Once when he and an artist friend were working on a Sunday his friend suggested they take a break and go for a short walk. It was raining and McLaren said, "I can't. I've got holes in my shoes."

"Put cardboard in them," the other artist suggested.

"I've tried that," McLaren said. "It wears out." He hates to spend the time to buy new clothes or get his hair cut. But, at thirty-eight, his enthusiasm is well under control; he never lets it escape in conversation.

His speech is diffident, pleasant and slow. John Grierson, founder of the Film Board, has called him "one of the film world's gentlest people." His intensity shows only in his quick restless movements. He can seldom be lured into argument or roused into raising his voice. While he talks his fingers are busy, forming and reforming designs with pieces of toothpick or paper. You feel that words are really not his medium of expression.

His humor is entirely visual and frequently grotesque. One time when he was a guest at a woman's cabin he pasted an enormous eye on the inside of her toilet. "I nearly jumped out of my skin," she says, "but it really was very amusing."

Another time he gave a party for producer Tom Daly who had just emerged from a plaster cast after falling off a horse. Guests were startled to find a wild-eyed horse staring down at them from the top of the staircase. McLaren had painted a mural of the accident on the wall. Inside, Daly's cast stood in one corner red paint dripping down its ribs, illuminated by the ghostly light of a shrine candle. Next morning the horse gave the postman such a start that he wouldn't bring the mail up the stairs for a week.

Above the label POISON on a lab bottle McLaren has penciled "delicious." His music scores have little men chasing each other on them. His film cans, telephone pad, his infrequent memos, are decorated with flowers and elaborate doodles. His messages to sick or absent friends are more often expressed in pictures than in words.

Officially McLaren occupies one corner of the animation room, where eight or nine artists bend over the drawings for the Film Board's cartoons and animated sequences. But his reputation makes him a target for visitors of all kinds from all countries and McLaren has developed a talent for ferreting out secluded nooks in the board's ten scattered buildings.

"With anyone else," says Gerry Graham, head of the board's technical services, "there'd be a great to-do about movers and furniture. Norman creeps in with his drawing board and a shy little smile and before you

AN OLD MAN REMEMBERS HIS YOUTH



It would be better in a farmhouse room,

With a striped rag carpet stretched across the floor,
Scraps that were woven on a rattling loom

By my friend and neighbor, who runs the country store;

Small-paned windows, tucked deep under eaves,

Calico for curtains, of warm turkey red.
The true stuff for framing, sky and cloud and leaves—

On a wakeful midnight, from a pine spool bed;

Wide floor boards sloping, down and down each year,

Wooden-pinned and sturdy, laid there long ago,
By hands that hewed lumber, and skinned bears and deer.

In the mountain forest . . . *And this is what I know!*

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

realize he's there he's finished his job and gone." Once, when the animation department was shooting on the floor of St. David's church, McLaren was finally located in the bell tower.

When you find McLaren working in a welter of old chemical cartons and film cans, and you think of the plush exclusiveness of the Hollywood producer, it's hard to realize that here is one of the most important people in motion pictures. You begin to wonder if a few long-haired critics haven't bamboozled the BBC into the half-hour tribute they paid him last year. Or if he hadn't a pal on the executive of the U. S. National Society of Art Directors when they nominated him for Art Director of the Year (1952). Yet no one since Disney has had more influence on the animated cartoon.

McLaren has been called the Canadian Disney. Nothing could be less true. Disney's first wonderful animated fairy tales had an immediate impact on audiences and film makers alike. McLaren's influence has been gradual, subtle and indirect.

Last year Hollywood animated-cartoon producer Stephen Bosustow, whose fresh and funny Gerald McBoing Boing won a 1950 Oscar, wrote: "The Film Board of Canada has been a constant inspiration to us since we began producing our own cartoons." Bosustow's praise had been prompted by the cartoon *Teeth Are To Keep* produced by Jim MacKay, a pupil of McLaren.

Disney built a great film empire by putting tons of machinery, scores of technicians and hundreds of artists to work on an assembly-line basis. But the artist lost control of his work and with it originality. The movie cartoon became the most complicated art form in history—and the most stereotyped.

McLaren went in the opposite direction. He eliminated the script, the storyboard, the conferences, the

camera, the animating, the shooting, negative developing, positive cutting, negative cutting. He took an ordinary pen and a bottle of India ink and sat down at a special drawing board he invented and drew directly on the celluloid. He freed film making of all the restrictions that stood between the artist and the image on the screen, or rather, he traded them in on a new set of self-imposed restrictions so severe that as yet few artists have had the almost frightening discipline necessary to follow in his footsteps.

Norman McLaren got his training in discipline early. His father, a comfortably well-off interior decorator in the small Scottish city of Stirling, was a strict man who drilled his daughter and two sons in thrift and practicality. Against his better judgment he let eighteen-year-old Norman go to Glasgow to study the risky profession of art for five years.

They had a cinema club at the Glasgow School of Art. The trouble was, they didn't have a camera. Norman went to a movie company and begged a worn-out print. He put it in the bathtub and soaked off the emulsion and with it the fading features of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. Then he started to draw on the raw film with India ink and shoe dyes.

The result, *Colour Cocktail*, won a prize in Scotland's Third Amateur Film Festival. John Grierson, acknowledged leader of British documentary movies, came up from London to judge the contest. Says Grierson: "I was so excited by it (McLaren's amateur film work) that I picked him up and brought him to London, and I threw him into what was then the most exciting hive of film experiment in Europe. I threw him in among people like Cavalcanti (noted British film maker), Auden the poet, Britten the composer . . . Well, McLaren developed in that group,

and proved to be one of the greatest experimentalists of them all. "Thee I lost sight of him for a bit."

McLaren had emigrated to America in 1939, thinking he might find greater freedom of expression. He landed with a hundred dollars in his pocket and, for the first time in his life, knew what it was like to walk the streets in search of a job. An NBC television engineer named Hungerford was attracted by his shyness and his talent. Hungerford introduced him to some people with money and McLaren kept off the breadline by painting murals on their walls. At the same time, in his little room off Riverside Drive, he was drawing a couple of films which he managed to sell to the Museum of Non-objective Art.

Finally he landed a regular job script-writing for Caravel Films. He worked up to a big desk in a thick-carpeted office overlooking Fifth Avenue. In his innocence he didn't know he was only making half as much as the other script writers.

In Ottawa the dynamic Grierson was building the National Film Board and gearing it for war. Just before Christmas 1940 he telephoned McLaren to come up and be his animation department.

McLaren was torn between his desire to go and his dislike of a scene with Caravel, for he was in the middle of a picture. He hedged. But Grierson simply passed the word to the Canadian ambassador and within a week McLaren was hard at work on the first of five wartime propaganda movies.

Producer Tom Daly recalls seeing him bent over a magnifying glass beside the big film driers in the basement of the old sawmill, flies buzzing about his dark head, drawing—sometimes with two hands—little chickens on clear film. And Daly thought, "What on earth is he here for?"

What McLaren was doing was painting in miniature seven thousand fast-flowing drawings on a strip of clear celluloid five hundred feet long and one and a quarter inches wide. The tiny space forced him to strip down his content the way he had stripped down his technique. He learned to sum up a character, an action, an emotion in the fewest possible lines.

One of his first wartime films was *Dollar Dance*. After twelve years it is still being shown by a large Swedish banking firm to explain the effects of inflation to their customers. By reforming the lines of the dollar sign into the things the dollar buys, then making them smile all to music—McLaren explains inflation better in five amusing minutes than an economist could in a two-hour speech.

By 1943 the Film Board was so busy that McLaren hadn't time to make films himself. He scoured Canadian art schools and brought some of the country's most promising talents to Ottawa.

Colin Low, now director of animation, remembers: "We were all green and we felt swamped with mechanics, but the greenest dolt couldn't help catch McLaren's spirit. He would drop his own work and turn to yours without a single complaint, then or after. No one ever heard him make a caustic remark. He was unbelievably patient, and he always had the answer for every problem."

By 1945 McLaren felt his own development had lagged long enough; he resigned as director and went back to his experiments with color.

"His first films," says technical director Gerry Graham, "came in stiff with one-sixteenth of an inch of paint on them. We'd have paint all over the place when we processed them. But McLaren didn't leave the problem to

us. He'd ask, 'Why do some things stick and not others?' I'd give him a list of solubles. By the time he made the boogie woogie film (*Begone Dull Care*) he was using a range of items from Dupont lacquer to nail polish."

Nothing was wasted upon his imagination. When particles of dust—the lab man's bugbear—settled on his freshly painted print, McLaren noted the way the paint withdrew from around each particle. He utilized the texture thus created in *Fiddle-de-dee*. Like every other film maker he cursed the way the projector scratched his film base. But the pattern suggested a sequence for *Begone Dull Care*, where long vertical lines dance rhythmically.

In his earliest work McLaren had noticed how scratches on film would squawk as they went through the playback machine. Why couldn't he organize these noises? A sound track was nothing but a line of black and white marks on a strip of film. If he could get rid of the microphone, he would not only weed out the sound engineers and all their electronic equipment, he would also eliminate the orchestra. Composers could no longer complain that their middle men, the musicians, were ruining their work.

McLaren began to draw sound directly onto film. He learned to control the loudness, pitch and tone by the size, shape and heaviness of his ink marks. By 1947 he was working in five octaves, producing four-part harmony that sounded at times like an other-worldly electric organ. By 1950 he had a brand-new instrument of incredible subtlety and speed.

One afternoon in 1945, browsing in a second-hand store while he waited for a bus, McLaren idly picked up a battered stereoscope, one of those ancient devices that uses two post-cards, one for each eye, to give their peek-in scene a three-dimensional sense of depth. It gave him an idea.

Soon afterward, British film producer Raymond Spottiswoode and McLaren visited the National Research Council for a private briefing on aerial survey mapping. The scientists began to explain the process in a somewhat patronizing manner. Then they began to wonder if the dreamy-looking young man in the slightly affected clothes was grasping even these elemental facts.

"Oh yes," McLaren assured them, "I've been doing a little stereoscopic painting."

The scientists gaped. "That's impossible," they said. And the lecture ended with Norman explaining how he created a third dimension in painting.

Five years later the British government put Spottiswoode in charge of their super-modern film show for the Festival of Britain. Spottiswoode immediately asked the National Film Board if McLaren would contribute a three-dimensional color cartoon.

Three-dimensional cartoons had never been made before. Flat drawings, even when photographed by a stereo camera, still came out flat. McLaren's film, *Around Is Around*, the trade bible *Variety* said, "proved one of the hits of the festival." From early afternoon to ten at night people stood in line in front of Spottiswoode's Telecinema.

The British magazine *Mini-Cinema* said: "McLaren's cartoons have always been free of the normal laws of movement . . . but here the expressive dots and loops came skimming toward us like quoits, bouncing over us like boulders, lashing out like lassos . . . In ten years we may not be able to recognize the cinema and films of 1951."

McLaren thinks this is overstating the case. He is more in agreement with the critic who wrote: "The eyes of

"Your doctor is delighted... you've grown so on Heinz"



Such a cunning little codger. And my, how he's gained! No wonder both his mummy and his doctor are pleased with his progress. And no wonder he makes progress. He was started on Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals, and soon he was opening his mouth like a bird for Heinz Strained Baby Foods. A few more months and he'll be enjoying Heinz Junior Foods with the same happy delight. Feed your baby Heinz—the most digestible, natural-flavour nourishment a baby could ever have.



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Hollywood, sooner or later, are bound to fasten on the possibilities of three-dimensional flesh." "It's an added sensory element," McLaren says, "on about the same level as color. Movement is still the guts of the film."

New ideas flow through McLaren's mind in a constant stream. He never writes them down — "they become dead." He stores them in a part of his mind he calls "the graveyard," and lets his subconscious go to work on them. This accounts for his rich variety of invention.

After a meal with friends in an Ottawa restaurant recently he sat in rapt contemplation of the fish carcass on his plate. "Why, it's beautiful," he said. He signaled a passing waiter. "Would you wrap up these bones, please? I'd like to take them home."

Some people can't see how this kind of man can be practical and they point out that he's often driven his car halfway uptown in low gear. But this is merely the lingering effect of intense concentration. McLaren finds use as well as beauty in unexpected places. He will wander through the machine shop or the camera department, notice an old belt wind, a discarded camera, and months later, technical director Gerry Graham will get a blueprint incorporating these items into some new but functional gadget.

McLaren inherits a deep sense that waste is sin. He never throws paper away. He makes most things serve several purposes. His experiments, for example, are polished into finished entertainments. Fiddle-de-dee, originally an experiment with color, ran four months at the Paris Theatre in New York. It sold four hundred prints in the U. S. It chalked up a profit of fifteen hundred dollars, a rare return for a noncommercial short. Rarer still, it cost only nine hundred and fifty dollars, including McLaren's time, materials and twenty percent for overhead.

Any doubt of McLaren's practicality was dispelled by his work in China. UNESCO had sent him over in 1949 to see if people who couldn't read or write could be taught health rules by films, film strips and posters. The mission had no laboratory, no camera.

Perhaps no one except McLaren could have combined the necessary simplicity, inventiveness and technical experience. His results, published last

year in a book, *The Healthy Village*, put him at once in the front rank of visual educators. UNESCO, with the world to choose from, has now selected Canadian artists trained by McLaren to do similar work in Haiti and Thailand.

This year, the British Broadcasting Corporation, which felt its school television programs were getting into a costly rut, tried to borrow McLaren. He turned their offer down because "I think film has far more possibility than television. You can stop the image wherever you want, slow it down, speed it up, you've more control in every way."

Control of your work means freedom for the artist and the central fact in McLaren's life and thought is that everything he does must free him for more and better work.

His body has proven the weakest link; he has developed a minor heart ailment. McLaren lives quietly in the apartment he shares with producer Guy Glover. A housekeeper, Madame La Motte, cooks their meals and keeps their French from getting rusty. After dinner McLaren relaxes with a liqueur and dips into his huge record collection. By ten he is usually in bed.

The growth of McLaren's influence is as quiet and persistent as the growth of his personality. He has made it possible for one man to make an animated movie in color, sound and three dimensions. In doing so, he has added a host of money-saving, time-saving techniques to the animator's store of resources. The animation in the Film Board's prize-winning cancer film, for example, would have been impossible if McLaren hadn't broken new ground in *C'est L'Aviron*.

"When we're really stuck," says a senior Film Board producer, "we call in Norman. He looks at the problem a minute, then he says, you can do this or that. He's always got a dozen solutions."

McLaren is not unconscious of his worth. But he also appreciates the freedom which Film Board Commissioner Arthur Irwin's imaginative backing gives him. He likes the people he works with. When he went to Haiti on a holiday last spring he sent postcards to all the animation staff, including himself.

"Greetings, Norman," he said, deliberately suggesting he had never left. ★



51-29

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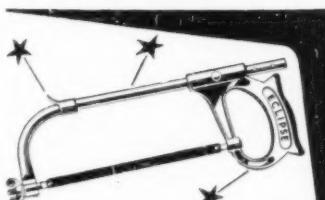
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"It says the cigars are for you to pass around."

CANADIAN ECDOOTE



Lyle Glover

The Secret of the Saw-Whet

HE SAW-WHET, a small black-billed owl not as large as a robin, made lumberman Johnnie McCoshen famous on the Madawaska.

Before McCoshen's advent no square timber had ever been floated down the Madawaska to be rafted on the Ottawa in one year. He astounded shantymen, rivermen and lumbermen when he ran the Madawaska, rafted his square timber at Arnprior and sailed down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers to land at Quebec in the same year.

Pure luck, scoffed the other lumbermen, when McCoshen's men bragged they had the smartest boss on the Madawaska. He was "lucky" again the next year, and year after year Johnnie beat them all to the market.

Had McCoshen been asked why he was so "lucky" he probably would have answered with his usual chuckle that it was a Scotsman's "luck of the Irish."

But he told his wife the real secret — his valuable knowledge

of the tiny saw-whet's habits.

He had learned that the saw-whet was the first creature of the forest to announce the coming of spring. When Johnnie heard the owl's raucous cry coming from its winter nest in a knothole atop a dry pine he knew it was a call to him to get ready for the spring drive. There might still be ten feet of snow in the woods, but he knew the saw-whet was not fooling.

While other lumbermen continued felling trees and making square timber McCoshen had a crew of men at the lake. There he put them to cutting a channel in the ice, leading to the head of the river where there was open water. Then the square timber was tumbled into the channel and pike-poled ardently along to the head of the Madawaska.

While others waited for the breakup the McCoshen crew was taking advantage of the high waters at the head of the Madawaska and well on the way to winning top honors in the year's log drive.—J. A. MacCOSHAN.



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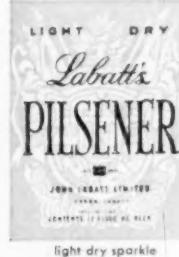
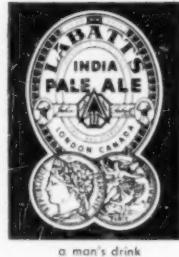
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The Ten Worst Mistakes Parents Make

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

MISTAKE NO. 5. WE FORGET WHAT DISCIPLINE IS FOR.

The question parents probably ask most often is, "How can I make my child obey me?" But the psychologists ask us right back, "Why do you want your child to obey you?"

What they're getting at is that the long-range aim of discipline in a loving home and a democratic society is to teach a child self-direction and self-control. We are trying to teach our sons and daughters how to live, how to direct their own actions wisely and well, how to conform to the requirements of our society. We are not trying to teach them to snap to attention at an authoritative word as if they were storm troopers.

It's true that the quickest and simplest way to make a child stop bad behavior is to hit him with a hairbrush, but that isn't always good enough. At the Institute of Child Study in Toronto the word "punishment" is never mentioned. Instead, teachers point out to small children that every action has its natural consequence, consistent and inescapable. Thus a small boy who refuses to wash his dirty hands before lunch finds, as a consequence, that he cannot have lunch with the others until he does. A little girl who will not co-operate in group play discovers that the consequence is removal to play alone until she is willing to play without disturbing the rest of the children. "There should never be fear in discipline," says Dr. W. E. Blatz, director of the institute.

If we can build up a feeling of love between our children and ourselves, psychologists tell us, many things — including discipline — will follow.

MISTAKE NO. 6. WE EMBARRASS OUR CHILDREN.

Children from three to ten are frequently unhappy at their parents' insistence that they step forward and greet adults like little ladies and

gentlemen (which of course they aren't), or that they recite, or even sing for company. The rule here seems to be: Don't force politeness before the child is ready for it.

If your home is pleasant and relaxed, and your child is used to meeting grownups, he will lose his fear to the point where he can greet them in a friendly manner himself. Children imitate what they see.

Children in their teens are particularly embarrassed by parents who insist on being "different." A mother who vaulted fences, wore blue jeans with her shirt-tails out and jitterbugged at her daughter's house parties discovered to her amazement that her daughter was not delighted, but embarrassed to the point of tears. She wanted her mother to be like everybody else's mother: quiet, matronly, self-effacing and rather dull.

MISTAKE NO. 7. WE OVERPROTECT OUR CHILDREN.

Most of us try to protect our children from colds, bumps, germs and the sight of blood. Some parents are more worried by the evil influence of bad companions — and by "bad" they mean children with dirty faces, children who swear, children who know where babies come from and children whose last names sound foreign. All this sheltering springs from a natural desire to protect one's investment, to see that one's beautiful child isn't spoiled by the ugly outside world. Unfortunately, it doesn't work — or if it does, the long-range results are often the opposite of what the fond parent hoped.

The overprotected child, say those who should know, is going to run into trouble both now and later. Other children will call him "sissy," and the knowledge that he is excluded from the rest of the gang may hurt his young feelings and affect his adult relationships.

Dr. Arnold Gesell, the famous child psychologist, says, "Instead of guarding their children more closely parents should open the windows and doors to the outside world and encourage their sons and daughters to explore it for themselves, understand and evaluate it and make it their own."



MISTAKE NO. 8. WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THEIR FEARS.

Fear is a confusing word to children. On the one hand we are delighted if they are afraid to run on the road, wade into deep water, or otherwise risk their lives; on the other hand we laugh at them or punish them if they are afraid of nightmares and strange dogs and bedtime fairy tales. Children may well wonder, is fear good or bad?

We should remember that it is natural for a child to be frightened of different things at different ages. A baby cries for food and warmth and love, and fears the loss of those things. A small child fears new places, strange faces, doctors' offices, being hurt. Upwards from five or six years, a child fears the pangs of his newly acquired conscience, which tells him that he has done bad things and ought to be discovered and punished. Older children fear death, while a whole host of fears, born of approaching adulthood, await the nervous adolescent.

How we help our child get over one fear plays an important part in how future fears affect him. If you can calmly accept your small boy's sudden fear of a dark room, provide him with a temporary night light, at the same time trying in a subtle manner to discover the basis for his fear, you are more likely to lend him courage than if you laugh or scoff or shame him in front of his friends.

Fear is infectious. If you are terrified of lightning, or burglars, or sickness, you can expect your child to be frightened of these things too.

Fear grows through ignorance. It's better to tell your child something (how much depends on his age, naturally) of what is troubling you rather than to go about the house with a set face and nervous gestures for no reason that the child can imagine. Hushed voices, cryptic expressions, broken-off conversations, can alarm a sensitive child.

MISTAKE NO. 9. WE FORGET THE WORLD CHANGES.

One of the most painful ways in which times have changed is in the matter of money. Things cost more today. A common complaint of teenagers is that their parents refuse to accept this. A fifty-cent allowance isn't anywhere near what it used to be.

Parents who expect their sons and daughters to act as if they lived thirty years ago are unrealistic. We can hope to influence our older children if we recognize the kind of world they're living in today, and can show them in language that makes sense that some moral standards still exist, some habits and inclinations are still dangerous. The main thing is to keep the channel of communication open between them and us. If we ridicule their problems and act suspicious of their every move, we close that channel up fast.

MISTAKE NO. 10. WE "LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN."

Living for, instead of with, one's children is probably the most shortsighted thing that a parent can do. Some parents slide into it insidiously. A woman marries and has babies and before she knows it she has lost all her former interests and friends and spends her life in the children's clothing department, the home-and-school meetings, the circus, the Santa Claus parade and the hospital where one or another of her youngsters is having tonsils removed. Her husband remembers vaguely the days when she was pretty and read a lot, but she's too tired to be pretty any more, and if she finds time to read the women's page of the evening paper she's lucky. The father himself has been wearing the same

overcoat for eight years but, instead of buying a new one, he gets his son that bicycle he's been craving.

There's nothing wrong in all this. It's right that the comfort and welfare of children should be of primary importance to good parents, and the delighted grins on the faces of happy children are a reward in themselves. The trouble comes when parents consciously sacrifice far too much, and keep it up far too long, with the idea that someday, when the children grow up, they'll be paid back for all their sacrifices.

They're doomed to disappointment. Life is a wheel, turning endlessly, and children grow up, leave home, marry and start new families, leaving their old folks pretty well to their own resources. By this time, unfortunately, many of them have no resources. Parents who enjoy their homes and their children and ask no repayment of their love are happier people, and better parents. Also, we give our children a better picture of what it means to be an adult if we maintain an active interest in the affairs of our community, our country and our times,

rather than ignoring everything except our own families.

Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, director of the Child Study Association of America, and herself the mother of four, says, "If parents had more faith in their children and in themselves they might be able to relax and enjoy their children and their own lives more. If they can do this they can afford to make mistakes along the way without fear of doing much injury to anyone. For when the feelings are right, when knowledge is backed by understanding, all's well with the family." ★

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Look What We've Done to Christmas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

know how to use. Canadian women will spend a similar amount on neckties—mostly cheap neckties which, however, will be used, or else.

Besides that \$55 millions on liquor, Canadians this Christmas will spend about \$50 millions on gifts of clothing, making December's clothing expenditures roughly double that of an average month. We'll spend \$21 millions on turkeys—well over half the year's total turkey purchases; \$17 millions on toys—seventy-five percent of the year's total; \$15 millions on watches, clocks and jewelry—one third the whole year's jewelry trade; \$8 millions on train fares; \$5 millions on chocolates, and \$4½ millions on Christmas trees. The Christmas tree bill is actually much higher for there is no way of working out the value of the hundreds of costly ornamental trees which will be stolen at night from cemeteries and front lawns.

Even the seals and stickers which will get just a lick and a fleeting glance will cost Canadian gift wrappers one million dollars.

The greeting cards Canadians send this Christmas will cost twenty-five millions. We'll dump two hundred and fifty millions of them on a postal department that will have to hire twenty-seven thousand temporary employees to handle the deluge. One million will be addressed to addresses which don't exist or to individuals who moved away, eloped or joined the Foreign Legion twenty years ago, and the Dead Letter Office will still be digging itself out from under the pile next March. For two weeks around Christmas millions of pieces of business mail will be delayed and some firms dependent on mail orders will practically come to a standstill.

This Christmas will mean the destruction of twelve million Canadian evergreen trees from five to ten years old. Nine million will be exported.

Canada's fire and traffic death toll, normally about fifty a week, will soar to around one hundred and fifty in Christmas week. Close to seventy of these fatalities are likely to fall on Dec. 24, 25 and 26—the deadliest three days of the year. To offset this, the birthrate for the month will show a marked increase in premature births—the result of expectant mothers being caught up in the swirl of Christmas excitement and late nights. Infant deaths due to premature birth will jump from about ten per thousand live births in November to thirteen per thousand in December. And doctors say that, if weekly instead of monthly statistics were available, the Christmas week ratio would prove to be much higher than that for December as a whole.

December is also the year's most dangerous month for heart patients. December heart-attack deaths for men will be twenty percent above the monthly average, sixteen percent for women. The week after Christmas will be the biggest of the year for the drugstores as Canadians recovering from Christmas spend six million dollars for prescriptions and patent medicines (in an average week, two to three millions.) Most of it will be routine cold, cough and indigestion palliatives—treatment for the ills engendered by the late nights, long days and strain of Christmas preparations.

About \$250 millions of the \$400-million Christmas spending spree will be gift shopping, but it won't all be

cash. Canadians will go in debt between \$80 and \$100 millions to finance their Christmas celebration. The stores that will be called upon to advance the least credit will be stores handling women's clothing. Christmas is the one occasion in the year when a man can buy a negligee without blushing, but he wants the ordeal ended as rapidly as possible so he pays cash and gets out. Only fifteen percent of women's clothing is sold on tick at Christmas. In other clothing lines it's twenty-five percent.

According to figures on after-Christmas exchanges, one third of the two hundred and fifty million dollars we'll spend gift shopping will be wastefully or carelessly spent on items the recipient doesn't want and will never use. Merchants know the reason. It's because so many of us try to squeeze two weeks' shopping into the last two days, and there's nothing like a good Christmas Eve rush to correct a merchant's mistakes in last year's buying. And of course it isn't the retailer's responsibility if you insist on buying a popcorn popper for an aunt who's teeth fit so badly she can't chew anything harder than mashed potatoes.

There you have a quick statistical glimpse at what we've done to Christmas: A \$400-million spending spree, one quarter of it on credit . . . \$55 millions' worth of liquor . . . \$25 millions' worth of Christmas cards . . . jammed mails and dislocated businesses . . . 150 Christmas tragedies . . . about 2,000 new babies who will start life with a strike against them because their first Christmas gift will be the misfortune of a premature birth. And all this goes on, allegedly, in the name of a solemn religious festival whose theme down the ages has been "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

Christmas not so long ago was a quiet, restful, one-day, religious holiday on which Canadians went to church, came home, exchanged a few simple gifts, sat down to a modest dinner with a few special frills, had an afternoon nap and then resumed business as usual. Now Christmas isn't a day, it's a season that spans one sixth of the year. It begins early in November with a costly series of gaudy Santa Claus parades which, in Ontario alone, have grown from half a dozen in the late 1930s to a probable seventy this year. By Nov. 15 the ads will already have hit their full Christmas frenzy. On every second page there will be a grotesque, overfed, red-bonneted monstrosity with bleached beard confiding to a red-nosed biological freak named Rudolph that such-and-such suspenders or the razor with the silken touch is just what "he" will want. And to give the whole plot a guise of urgency there'll be dire warnings that you have only thirty more shopping days before Christmas, so better hurry on and call the loan company.

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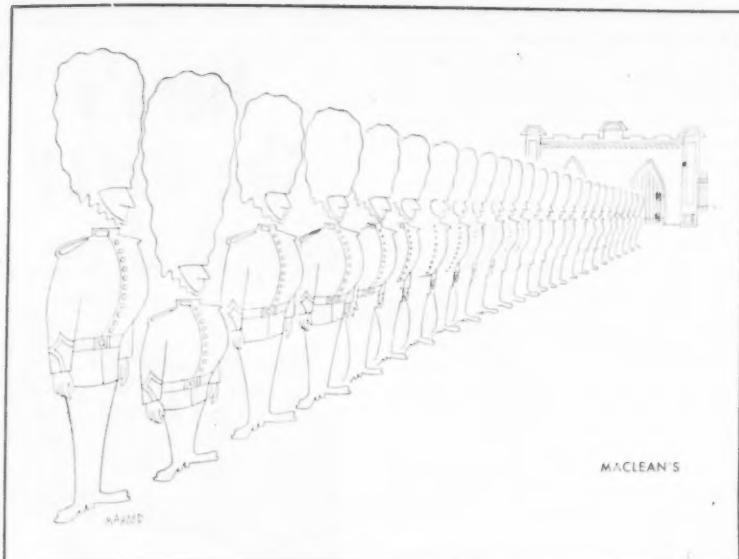
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our emotions and pocketbooks will plunge on with mounting madness. Santa Claus, the once-benevolent saint now corrupted into a master salesman of everything from chewing gum to oil burners, will laugh his boisterous phony laugh on Canada's one hundred and fifty broadcasting stations, and five million Canadian breadwinners, whose bank accounts and tempers are growing shorter by the hour, will suspect that he's laughing cynically at them. And probably he is for, if he's a top professional, he is probably being paid twenty-five dollars a day.

Then, in a chaotic grand finale, we scatter \$3 millions' worth of wrapping paper and ribbons around the floor, dig into our \$55 millions' worth of hooch, sit down to our \$21 millions' worth of turkey and proceed to cap off the whole mad binge by eating and drinking ourselves into a glorious state of indigestion.

But is it over? No, for Christmas always gives a dying kick at year's end and early in January. It is then that the small-loan companies do their biggest business of the year—handing out loans to the hundreds of thousands of Canadians who overspent at Christmas.

There are no statistics on Christmas credit as such, but all you have to do is glance at the month-end figures and the story is there, as plain as the nose on a bailiff's face. The Bank of Canada periodically sends out a neat little graph with a black line that zigzags across it to represent credit outstanding on the books of retailers and the small-loan companies. The line runs fairly smoothly from about March to November, then in December it lunges for the top of the page like an anti-aircraft shell, and it's March again before it gets back down to normal.

If 1952 Christmas shoppers hold to form our consumer credit outstanding should this December jump from about \$500 millions to \$600 millions. That extra \$100-million plunge into the red will be composed of two kinds of credit. There will be charge sales, to be paid within thirty days from current income, and instalment sales, a pledge against future income in which payments are spread out beyond thirty days. Close to three quarters of it will be charge sales. On the whole, about twenty-five percent of what we buy for Christmas we'll buy on the cuff.

One cynic says: "We worry from Nov. 1 to Dec. 25 about what to buy, then we worry until Easter about how to pay for it."

What does this mean to an economy already menaced by inflationary pressures? Some men in Canadian financial

circles are afraid it could mean trouble. The small-loan companies, for example, are watching those December credit statistics, trying to gauge how much farther Canadians can go in the red and still pull themselves out.

An executive of Household Finance Corporation, one of the biggest, told me: "If Christmas spending and borrowing continues to soar the way it has been it can upset our economy. Christmas has come to exert a terrific influence on national spending. We are under constant pressure for two months—one sixth of the year—to buy, buy, buy. We have attached a sort of ethical or moral duty to it. If you don't buy, and buy plenty, you're a piker. It's not a healthy situation in an economy already badly inflated."

Matthew Lambourne, Dun and Bradstreet credit expert, said: "Christmas puts a terrific strain on that large portion of our population who feel they must live up to the Joneses even if the Joneses have an income a couple of thousand dollars a year higher. It takes much money away from essentials. You'll find the loan companies lending a great deal of money in late December and January for emergencies like dentist and doctor bills. But, actually, they are loans against Christmas shopping, for the money that could have paid those bills was spent at Christmas instead.

"The big weakness of the whole thing, though," Lambourne continued, "is that Christmas has come to demand a great deal of spending on merchandise like the tinsel, frills and cards which have no permanent or intrinsic value. We spend a lot of money without adding to our usable possessions or material wealth in practical goods. Cheap items like handkerchiefs and socks are dolled up in fancy boxes and shining paper to look pretty and catch the eye. They make it possible for someone to give a gift and fill the traditional Christmas requirement. But our inflation hasn't been helped a bit. We have spent our money on the fancy trimmings and got no serviceability. After the first laundering the demands against our economy for handkerchiefs and socks is right back as great as before."

Let's take a closer look at where and how we spend our Christmas money.

Whether we like it or not, that \$55 millions for liquor entitles this item to an unrivaled spot at the head of the list. First, an explanation of how the figure is calculated—for Ontario is the only province from which a month-by-month breakdown on liquor statistics is readily available. Canadians in



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1952 will spend about \$675 million on beer and liquor. About sixteen percent of Ontario's total year sales will be in December—almost double the average monthly rate. If December sales across the nation increase at the same rate, it means Canadians will buy \$110 million worth of liquor in December. But presumably the first two weeks of December are no different from November, and if we apply Ontario's November sales ratio to the country as a whole we wind up with \$28 million worth of liquor sold during the first half of December and therefore not Christmas business. That leaves \$82 million worth for the last half of December. One third of this period will be New Year's trade, not Christmas, and after allowing for this, there are \$55 million remaining which officials say is a conservative estimate for liquor sales during the ten days preceding Dec. 25.

The Christmas drinking habits of Canadians will vary widely in different provinces. At the coasts, British Columbians and Maritimers will spend the biggest part of their liquor dollar on hard stuff, whereas the inlanders will show a preference for beer. Everywhere, except the Maritimes, domestic rye will be the most popular hard liquor. Maritimers, however, will go three to one for rum.

The federal government will get Canada's biggest Christmas present from that ten-day \$55-million spree. Federal tax and duties on liquor purchased during the period will be slightly short of \$1½ million per day.

The price you pay for Christmas cards ranges from one cent to one dollar apiece. The over-all average is ten cents. Eighty-five percent of the twenty-five million dollars spent on cards is spent by women. You'll buy so many cards this Christmas that the industry had to design and start producing them in June 1951 to have the supply ready. Hundreds of thousands of them, mostly on the chain-store bargain counters, will be U. S. leftovers from last year. U. S. buyers would recognize them as last year's unsold stock so the American producers dump them at bargain rates on the Canadian market.

Trying to anticipate the style of Christmas card you'll want, a year and a half before you're ready to buy it, will give the producers plenty to worry about. They know from experience that if there's a war on you'll buy more religious cards, but most of them back in June 1951 gambled on a peaceful 1952 Christmas, and cards with religious motifs will be fewer than ever this season. That's just English cards, however, for among Canadiens the religious card can always be relied upon as a popular seller.

One thing on which the card designers can gamble safely is that Santa Claus will remain popular. But our trend away from religious cards is doing weird things to our Christmas angels. A few years ago an angel had to be a graceful saintly young woman with a flowing silken gown, immaculate wings and nothing more worldly than a golden harp. More typical of the 1952 angels will be a mischievous little tyke with a brush haircut, halo askew, pushing a wheelbarrow full of candy cones. Angels are no different from cars—we demand new models occasionally.

While we're talking about that \$55 million worth of liquor and \$25 million worth of greeting cards, let's compare them with Canadian contributions to Christmas charities. Canada's leading Christmas charity is the sale of TB seals by the Canadian Tuberculosis Association to help finance its campaign against the disease that kills

about fifty-five hundred Canadians every year. The seals with the red double-barred cross of Lorraine—the familiar TB campaign emblem—will this Christmas raise about \$1,750,000, association officials estimate. Canada's second Christmas charity is the appeal by the Salvation Army for funds to provide Christmas food and clothing to the poor and unemployed. According to Major L. Bursey, public relations secretary, it will raise about \$150,000. Churches, newspapers, service clubs and family welfare agencies will also conduct Christmas appeals to provide gifts and food baskets to needy families. Nowhere are these charities totaled, but executives of the Canadian Welfare Council estimate that, among them all, about half a million dollars is raised each year. "Be liberal," one official suggested, "and say that Canadians donate two and a half millions to charity every Christmas. It's probably less."

At that rate, out of every dollar spent for Christmas in Canada there is fourteen cents for liquor, seven cents for Christmas cards and their postage, and three fifths of a cent for charity.

The \$17 millions we'll spend for toys will accomplish several things.

First, it will make up seventy-five percent of the whole year's business for 150 Canadian toy-producing firms which provide jobs for 10,000 persons.

Second, it will provide the toy counters and wholesalers with a profit of \$8 to \$9 millions. The plastic truck which the manufacturer sells to the wholesaler for 50 cents will be resold to the retailer for 66½ cents and then re-sold to you for 98 cents.

Third, it will provide the man of the house with a heap of fun and help him forget his Christmas bills. And that's not malarky, else why would the toy firms put so much ingenuity into giving toys plenty of what they frankly call "father appeal?" Those \$50 to \$200 electric trains, for example, which reproduce the real thing down to the last bolt and air-conditioning vent.

Guy E. Dingle, chairman of the advertising committee of the Canadian Toy Manufacturers' Association, says that about twenty-five percent of Canada's \$17 millions' worth of Christmas toys will be imports from the U. S., Britain, Japan and Czechoslovakia. Biggest single import will be electric trains—one million dollars' worth—from the U. S. Canada hasn't yet got into the toy electric-train production.

The best-selling toy, as always, will be dolls. Because there is considerably less choice among girls' toys than among boys', Canadian parents will this Christmas spend five million dollars on dolls. And, in spite of all the wetting, walking, crying and talking dolls (for thirty dollars one of them talks through a battery-operated tape recorder), the plain doll that does nothing but close its eyes will still be the backbone of the business.

Thanks to the influence of matinees, radio, TV and comics, an assortment of wild-west toys like guns and cowboy suits will be No. 2 seller.

If there's anything new on Canadian toy counters this Christmas it's a safe bet that it was new on the U. S. toy counters last Christmas. Canadian toy manufacturers haven't the cushion of sales underneath them that U. S. producers have, and they can't afford to take the same gambles. So they'll send scouts on a round of U. S. toy counters to copy or buy Canadian manufacturing rights to the new toy ideas that have successfully come through one Christmas of U. S. buyer resistance.

Even then, they'll occasionally go wrong. For example, toys with an educational value, such as a game

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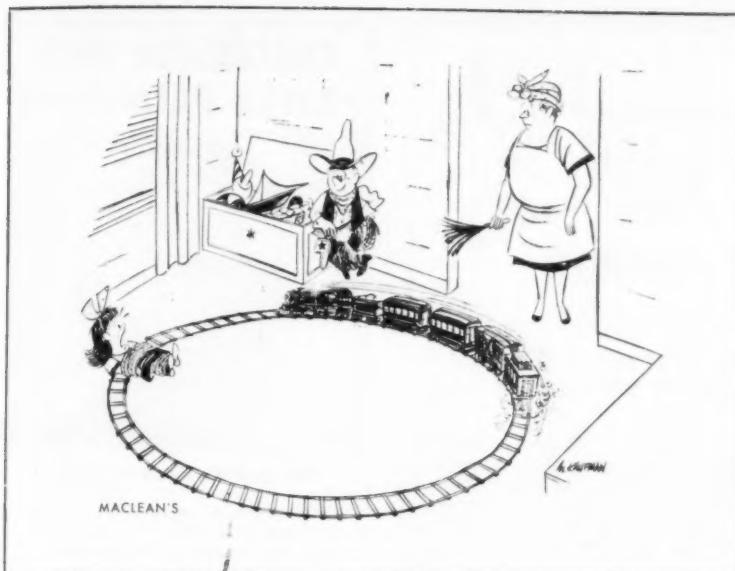


THINKING OF HIM



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ankle warmth, combined in one...
a gift he'll bless you for always...
and what could be more wonderfully
thoughtful than a pair of Mon-O-Sox
(half dozen pair would be even more acceptable!)
beautifully knit in luxuriant colours with his own
initial... a gift that is indeed "Very Personally His."

FOREST CITY KNITTING COMPANY



played on a map of the world, will rake in U. S. dollars. But educational value in a toy has little selling power in Canada. Canadian parents haven't learned to link toys with education. In the game line, the old stand-bys like checkers, parcheesi and steeple-chase are still tops. Chasing pirates around a map of the world looks too much like a geography lesson.

The dollar volume of clock, watch and jewelry sales won't be far below that of toys. And you can never predict what our changing Christmas will do next. Right now, according to jewelers, Christmas is muscling in on spring. Time was when Canadian Casanovas waited until the air was sweet with rose and lilac before popping the question. Our sentiment-charged Christmas is changing that. Judging from the soaring number of engagement rings that jewelers are selling as Christmas gifts, Santa Claus is doing some pinch-hitting for Cupid.

To man the cash registers for our splurge of Christmas spending, employment in the retail trades will jump about twenty percent in the two weeks before Christmas, providing temporary jobs for about fifty thousand students and women. No one knows how many thousands of men it takes to cut, sort, bale and truck our annual harvest of twelve million Christmas trees. Canada's tree-lovers will again cry out that our future forests are being sacrificed on a tinsel altar of Yuletide sentiment and stupidity. But foresters say the industry is now carefully regulated by provincial legislation. Most of the trees cut are thinnings from plantations and natural forests—trees which would be killed anyway by overcrowding as the forest matured.

The kids are fast catching on to the new Christmas spirit. In recent Christmases in many Canadian cities children have turned the quaint old English custom of door-to-door carol singing into a money-grabbing racket like the Hallowe'en shell-out game. They ring a doorbell, lisp through a couple of bars of a carol, then wind it up with a cheeky "Tightwad!" if they don't get a generous handout. Last Christmas in Toronto and its suburbs police received so many complaints that in some areas the racket was banned. When Chief Weatherup of New Toronto offered a boy a dollar to shovel snow, the boy replied: "Nuts to that! I can make more singing carols."

In Kingsway, an expensive Toronto suburb, a housewife asked carolers what they were saving their money for. "To buy a present for my mother,"

a girl replied. "That's nice," said the housewife and gave her a quarter. Then the girl added: "But mummy and daddy won't be home for Christmas. They're having a holiday in Florida."

With hundreds of ad writers, publicity experts and showmen dreaming up new ways of using Christmas to their clients' profit and advantage, parents are going to have a tougher time than ever maintaining the myth of Santa Claus.

Santa was once a mysterious clanging of sleighbells shaken by somebody's mother in a church vestry at the Christmas Sunday-school party. He was smart enough then to stay out of sight. But the 1952 Santa Claus will be in a thousand places at once. There'll be a thin one with a gold front tooth at the office party, and on the corner outside there'll be a fat one with no teeth at all. There'll be a short Santa with a flat nose at the toy counter and fifteen minutes later at home there'll be a tall Santa with a beak nose on the television announcing that he's just leaving the North Pole.

Santa's companions used to be the Babe in the Manger and the Three Wise Men. But the Babe and the Wise Men have disappeared. They were flops at selling dolls and cowboy suits.

According to H. V. Malabar, president of a Canadian theatrical firm that rents three thousand Santa Claus suits every Christmas, there are about three hundred professional Santa Clauses in Canada and a couple of thousand amateurs who don't know their Donder and Blitzen from Barney Google. The demand for Santa suits has doubled in the past five years, in spite of the fact that a good one of rich velvet, bunny-fur trim, and handsewn yak-hair wig and beard costs fifty dollars a day. The Santa business was so good last Christmas that Malabar sold forty of these deluxe models outright, at two hundred dollars in Ontario alone.

There is also a cheap cotton twenty-five-dollar suit for the penny-pinching Santas. Could be that we need many more of these, because they are practically guaranteed to give the game away to every kid from three years up. Then maybe Santa would have to go back to the North Pole and stay there at least until Christmas Eve. And Christmas could go back to the church, and the whole mad nightmare would mercifully end.

But it won't. So Merry Christmas—a rootin', tootin', delirious, asinine four hundred million dollars' worth of it. That's what it's going to cost you, anyway. ★

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beer!



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CONTENTS 25 FLUID OUNCES

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MAILBAG

IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN

I am particularly interested in the recent article by Charlotte Whitton, *Will Women Ever Run The Country?*

I for one sincerely hope they will soon run the world—the men have made an almighty mess of things so far. We women from the time we know a baby is coming hope, plan and work for it, nurse it through its childish ailments, guide it through the growing years and even after maturity stand by to give help and advice if needed. Why then should we have to be dumb when that son or daughter is taken willy-nilly, and sent to fight simply because men of various governments fail to agree. Too many young lives



are broken in these asinine wars, many do not come back at all, others return blinded, crippled or otherwise ruined for life.—Mrs. Edith Chittell, Surbiton, Eng.

• Regarding the letter of Frank McManus (Mailbag, Oct. 1): I would suggest he check his facts before he writes such slanderous remarks about organizations like the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire and the D.A.R. Obviously he is not acquainted with Matthew Halton—to name one specific instance—who owes his original start to an IODE scholarship. It is useless to explain to such a person what the IODE has done in other channels outside of educational work.—Mrs. Hester D. Peach, Royal Oak, B.C.

• What is the matter with Frank McManus? Is he a Communist, or could it be a case of illiteracy or just plain indigestion?—Mrs. Michael Dwyer, New Glasgow, N.S.

• In Mailbag (Oct. 1) H. U. Klingenburg asks some queer questions. I wonder if he has been, like Rip Van Winkle, asleep for twenty years or more? I would like to ask some questions too. What are men's privileges and how did they get that way? When do women intend to go back to their kitchens and stay there? Never!—Mrs. W. Rosenbarg, Olds, Alta.

• The Rev. McColl's letter, *Good Night, Ladies* (Mailbag, Oct. 1), interested me. I think I shall avoid the difficulty of deciding between "lady mayors" and "woman mayors"—not as individuals, of course, but rather as "terms"—by sticking to "Mayoresses"; sounds like a bottle of pop going off, I admit, but Chambers' Twentieth



Century Dictionary is on my side.—Albert A. Gardiner, Saint Lambert, Que.

• In answer to Sydney Margolius' article, *Home—the Last Sweatshop* (July 1), I would like to tell him who is responsible for the poor "bewildered drudges," and that is the men, the heartless, unfeeling brutes who designed the houses we serve years of penal servitude in.—Mrs. Ethel Graham, South Shields, Eng.

Three Dreams Has Mabel

I have just read Lisa Ramsay's story, *Why the Bradens Don't Come Home* (Nov. 1), and have dreamed up three ideas that might remedy the shameful situation that faces our cultural future.

1. Let the boys in the Government and the Opposition know that we are proud of the CBC. Let us urge its improvement and expansion. Let us turn deaf ears to those who would put us on diet of canned tripe from across the line, rather than spend a nickel paying our own Canadian boys and girls to perform.

2. Let us suggest to the boys who work for the CBC they quit apologizing for it and start boasting about it.

3. As for national theatre, let us get down on our knees three times a week and on Sundays and pray for television in our localities before we grow too old to see the screen. Then let the programs be well spiced with plays by Lister Sinclair, Joseph Schull, Len Petersen, Earle Birney and all the rest, starring Canada's own Bradens, Tommy Tweeds, Lorne Greene, and of course, Wayne and Shuster. Then maybe our kids will get the idea and go out in the barn and produce plays that aren't inspired by Roy Rogers or Ma Perkins.—Mabel M. Richards, The Pas, Man.

The Lively Saguenay

Allow me to congratulate you on the lively article, *The Kingdom of the Saguenay* (Nov. 1). The author's descriptions give a good idea of what the country looks like.—John MacKenzie, Toronto.

• The partner of the first William Price, *le père du Saguenay*, was not the famous James McGill, who was of an earlier generation. It was the Hon. Peter McGill (1789-1860), apparently no kin to James but quite a celebrity in his own right. Peter was also mayor of Montreal, president of the Bank of Montreal and president of Canada's first railway (the Champlain and St. Lawrence).—A. J. H. Richardson, Ottawa.

Katz on Kids

I want to let you know how much I enjoyed reading *How They Saved the Worst Kid in Town*, by Sidney Katz (Oct. 15).—Dr. Robert C. Robb, Pasadena, Calif.

• We weary of the likes of Sidney Katz and his silly immature articles. He seems to have the idea that giving in

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to children and becoming a door mat for them is what is required to show your love for them.

There is not one word on the training of this boy to lead him to the truth that he must first bestow love on someone besides his little selfish self. One of the best ways to train children is to be fair, just, and truthful, see that discipline is carried out and obedience to the nth degree. Show kindness but do not give over to the child's demands. Never promise either reward or punishment that you do not keep your word to the letter. Any child will soon know which side his bread is buttered. —Florence L. Mahaffy, Toronto.

Get Your Grenades Here!

Your editorial, Test Pattern for Censorship (Oct. 15) left me perplexed. Surely it would be better to do without a censorship as it would be better if we could do without police or armed forces . . . They need not be a menace. We would not permit the sale of hand grenades from drugstore display stands and take a chance that children or the general public would not buy them or pull the pin on the spot. —John J. Mascotto, Geraldton, Ont.

Something For Everyone

The Maclean's I receive each month originates from a subscription given as a Christmas present by a Canadian lady in British Columbia to an American lady in San Francisco. I get it from her then pass it along to an English friend, who in turn passes it to a Scottish friend, who gives it to a New Zealand friend (also living in the



City by the Golden Gate) who forwards it to her people in New Zealand. How many times it changes hands there I have no way of knowing. You're getting a terrific coverage. —Edith C. Trueman, San Francisco.

I am happy once again since Maclean's has caught up with me. We read it from cover to cover, from Beverley Baxter to Parade. Never have my wife and I seen a magazine so chuck-full of interesting articles about Canada and Canadians. —Moreland Yundt, Miami, Fla.

Who Gets the Bird?

Your Oct. 15 cover is good but Mr. Arbuckle is either drawing from a man's point of view or they raise people in Alberta differently. I am sure every huntin' and shootin' widow I know will agree with me that the usual procedure is to bring the birds home to be picked and cleaned, by the aforesaid widow. —N. Fraser, Port Alberni, B.C.

At the Exhibition

I spent two days wandering around the "Toronto Ex" and I fully agree with your opinion of it (Editorial, Sept. 1). It is neither Canadian nor national in character. —Jas. A. Donaghy, Flin Flon, Man. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

completed a job which began in the summer of 1949, right after the last general election. Even before they had finished all the tabulations of 1949 results they had started revising the book of instructions to returning officers and preparing technical amendments to the Elections Act. (Nominally the amendments are recommended to parliament by a special committee, but actually ninety-nine percent of Castonguay's suggestions are accepted by both bodies.)

The new book of instructions was completed and sent to the printer on Dec. 21, 1951; the print job was finished April 15. Meanwhile the instructions for by-elections, a separate volume equally fat, had been completed and its printing ended July 1. Also, Castonguay had ordered and received about three hundred tons of "election supplies," mostly the hundred and sixty-four legal forms that are required to run a general election.

Ballot sheets alone take about six months to get. They are made of a special bonded paper, almost as hard to counterfeit as the paper on which dollar bills are printed, and printed with black lines so that only the insertion of the candidates' names on one side, and the specific location and so on on the other, are required to make the ballot ready for use. The supply for 1953 was ordered in July 1951, delivered in February 1952. Castonguay took on some additional staff, increasing his establishment from thirteen to twenty-two, to get the ballot sheets and other supplies mailed out to the various returning officers.

Castonguay keeps a very precise inventory of every ballot sheet sent out, which means that theoretically he can account for every single ballot in every riding. Actually it couldn't be done for the whole country (the scrutiny would take years) but it could be done for any one constituency where electoral fraud was alleged.

According to Castonguay, most of the stories you hear about clever tricks with the ballot are either untrue or obsolete. There is the classic, for example, about the old Quebec method for making sure that a bought voter stays bought. The party machine gets one blank ballot—just one—from the returning officer. This blank ballot is marked for the party's man. Each voter who comes around to collect a bribe is given that marked ballot, and told to drop it in the box; to get his five dollars he must bring back the blank ballot he himself received from the returning officer. Simple, isn't it?

Too simple, says Castonguay; it wouldn't work. Every ballot is numbered, and before it's dropped in the box the deputy returning officer must check that number with the stub he retained when he handed it out. The old scheme could still be worked, he said, but it would require a crooked deputy returning officer, crooked polling clerks and the absence of scrutineers. If you have all those conditions, why bother bribing the voters? Why not just bribe the deputy returning officer and his clerks, and have them vote for everybody who hasn't turned up before the polls close?

Castonguay admits that queer things do happen in the smaller polling stations. In 1949, at one rural post, sixty people were formally set down as "tourists" or "on vacation," but they were allowed to vote just the same. In another, the deputy returning officer's book records that a young man asked permission to vote for his

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WIT AND WISDOM

FOR PATCHWORK There seems no way to cut the pattern of peace without having a few scraps left over. *Toronto Star*.

OR SWING Give a criminal enough rope and he'll skip. *Calgary Herald*.

COUGH UP A lecturer has termed wealth a disease. We wish it were more communicable. *St. Catharines Standard*.

NO CATCH-ALL Keep an open mind, but not so wide open anyone can throw anything into it. *Halifax Mail Star*.

BEST PERIOD Youth is the best time to be rich and the best time to be poor. *Kenora (Ont.) Miner and News*.

OR EVEN ONCE Don't be afraid of a burglar—he will seldom shoot you, advises a policeman. Yes, but we don't like to be shot even seldom. *Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard*.

SQUEEZE PLAY It takes a lot of warmth to dry out a wet blanket. *Brandon (Man.) Sun*.

ALARM CHARM To get to sleep, says a scientist, think of nothing. Wrong! Think it is time to get up! *Windsor (Ont.) Star*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"What bear rug are you talking about, dear?"

IT'S A MAN'S WORK...

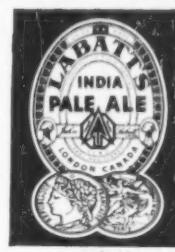


for a man's beer!

If you suspect that other beers are brewed with the weaker sex in mind, switch to Labatt's India Pale Ale . . . plenty of old-time flavour, hearty, zestful

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A beer for every taste



JOHN LABATT LIMITED

Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

SHOP TO PLEASE THE MEN ON YOUR LIST

Most men shudder at the thought of what they may receive as a Christmas gift. And that is simply because of an inherent desire on the part of the little woman to "brighten up" the man in her life.

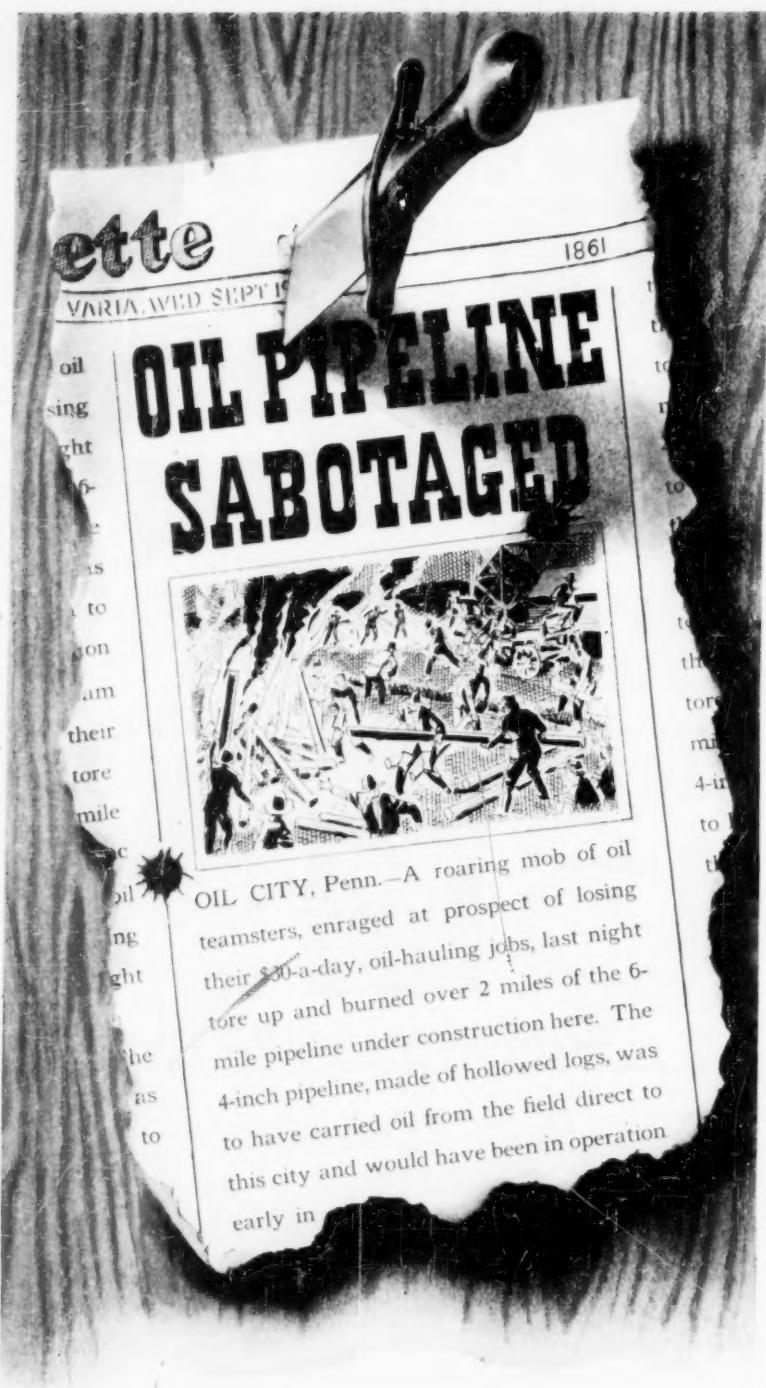
Don't overlook the fact that the retail salesman knows a great deal about what men really like and what they enjoy wearing.

It is indeed true that more men would ask for things to wear as gifts for Christmas if they felt no apprehension of what might receive. So if you want to make "him" happy, choose shirts like those he buys for himself. The same applies to ties, socks, pyjamas, dressing gowns and accessories.

If you're in doubt about size, the store will change it after Christmas. But it is certainly better to be right with style, colour and size on Christmas morning. For those women who are still not sure there is always the gift certificate. It is the ideal answer to many gift problems and is available for any kind of apparel at whatever amount you want to spend.

When it comes to men's clothing and accessories there should be no problem at all in deciding what you will give "him" this Christmas.





But where there's progress there must be pipe

Today, the North American continent has a network of pipelines approaching half a million miles. Canada's longest (to date) stretches for 1156 miles, delivering over 10,000 barrels of oil daily.

Steel pipe for oil, gas and water lines is made in Canada by Page-Hersey, using the most advanced pipe manufacturing technique known, the Electric Resistance Weld process. In a unique finishing operation, this pipe is "cold expanded", giving it greater strength per wall thickness than any other process known.

122

Page-Hersey TUBES LIMITED



After good duck hunting near Dauphin in northern Manitoba a Winnipeg man returned with a brace more than he really needed. Remembering the long wait in the chilly dawn he thought of selling the extra birds, but took them instead to another family who accepted rather coolly. He'd just reached the main floor of their apartment building when there was an ominous thump from the wall behind. On a hunch he opened the door of the garbage chute. There were his two ducks.

When the owner of a burning house near Crescent Beach, B.C., rushed to his phone to call the fire brigade he found his party line already occupied by a man reporting the fire to a Vancouver radio station which pays five dollars for flash news stories.

At a drama festival amateur actors from Oakville, Ont., were billed second in a program of three one-act plays. After their performance the cast, waiting backstage while the last play was on, discovered, and as

OIL CITY, Penn.—A roaring mob of oil teamsters, enraged at prospect of losing their \$30-a-day, oil-hauling jobs, last night tore up and burned over 2 miles of the 6-mile pipeline under construction here. The 4-inch pipeline, made of hollowed logs, was to have carried oil from the field direct to this city and would have been in operation early in

Two women from Beamsville, Ont., visiting the Laura Secord monument at Queenston Heights, did a quick retake on their history when they overheard a tourist exclaim: "What a country! Imagine building a monument to a candy maker!"

When she crossed the U. S. border a Winnipeg woman was advised she might have to show proof of inoculation of her dachshund, Willi, before the dog would be allowed back into Canada. She wired her husband for the papers, duly received them and returned home without trouble.

She has new respect for her husband's deductive powers though. Someone along the line had "corrected" her original telegram and her husband had read: WILL I REQUIRE DISTEMPER AND RABIES INOCULATION BEFORE RETURN? PLEASE ADVISE.

quickly demolished, a large cold roast chicken. As they were picking the bones and murmuring praises of their thoughtful hosts an actor from the third group rushed backstage, made for the table, looked and let out a wail. The chicken had been a vital prop for the last scene of their play.

After a driver from Buster's Auto Towing Service in Vancouver, which has a contract to tow cars impounded for parking offenses to the police garage, hauled in a big shiny job from a no-parking zone he checked the registration for the owner's name. It was Buster.

In Stenon, Sask., a young couple took their only child, a three-year-old boy, to visit friends who had two small daughters. After a succession of warnings not to be rough with the



girls the lad hung about crestfallen. Later the hostess made some potato chips and her little girls began helping themselves. She had to urge the boy, "Go ahead, help yourself."

He looked eagerly at his mother. "Yes, you can have one," she agreed.

His face lit up and, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed for the smaller girl, grabbed her round the waist and started for the door.

During a thick fog a Hamilton railroad conductor, anxious to get home after a late run, found himself just inching along in his car. When another auto traveling at a normal clip overtook him the railroader speeded up to follow the tail light. He was congratulating himself on arriving home in good time when the car ahead suddenly stopped.

In a crash of glass and buckling fenders the railway man leaped out indignantly to ask, "Don't you ever signal when you make a sudden stop?"

"Always," replied the bewildered man in front, "except when I'm in my own garage."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



*** "to Grandmother's house we go" ***

For weeks they'd been looking forward to the Christmas visit to Grandmother's farm. The presents were wrapped and the children put to bed right after supper, to be ready for an early morning start.

Then came the snow that threatened to upset all their plans. When Dad looked out the window at dawn, he saw streets and sidewalks white with drifts.

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "It's

probably worse out in the country. Better give up, hadn't we?"

"But Jimmy's heart is set on going," his wife reminded him. "And Grandmother will be so disappointed not to see the baby!"

Outside the city, to Dad's surprise, the highways were open. Even the winding country road that made up the last ten miles of the journey had been miraculously cleared of snow. Finally, as they neared Grand-

mother's house, they saw the machine that had made their trip possible—the rugged "Caterpillar" Motor Grader, bucking through the drifts at the end of a long night's work.

They got out of the car and Jimmy raced for the steps.

"Merry Christmas, Grandma!" he cried. "Guess what I'm going to do when I grow up. I'm going to drive one of those big yellow snowplows!"

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.